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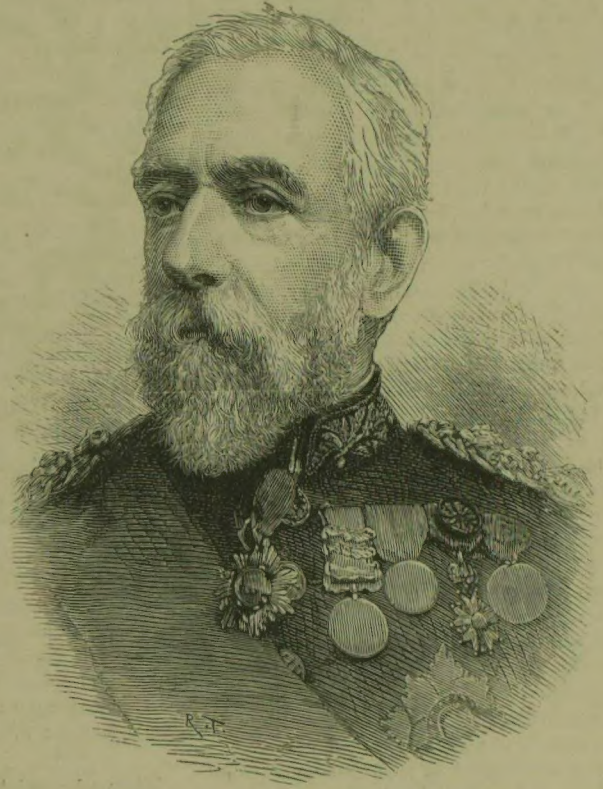
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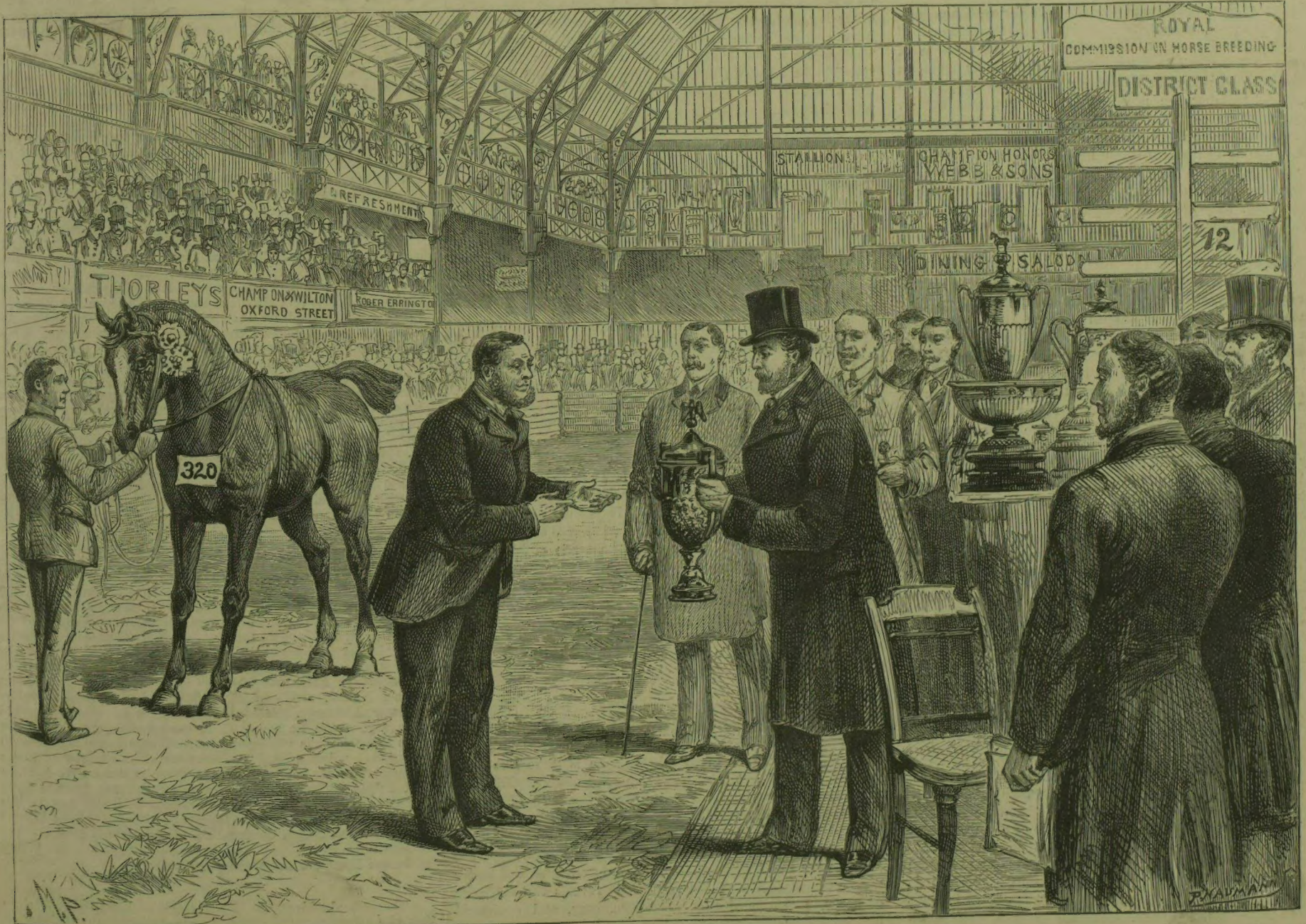
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M. TISZA,  
LATE PRIME MINISTER OF HUNGARY.



GENERAL SIR DANIEL LYSONS, G.C.B.,  
THE NEW CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.



THE LONDON HORSE SHOW: THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESENTING CUP TO MR. MOORE FOR HIS HACKNEY HORSE RUFUS.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The late Bishop of Durham, one of the best as well as the most reasonable of men, has recorded his conviction that the strong language used by the natives of that locality should be taken with a pinch of charitable salt, since it does not arise from temper, far less from malignity, but is chiefly used to render a statement more emphatic. Students of mankind, who are not theologians, have long agreed that the chief cause of what the Americans term "swear words" among the lower classes is the very limited nature of their vocabulary. If our politicians, whose language has in these latter days become so violent and personal, had not "the gift of the gab," as it is vulgarly called, they would probably use "swear words." We may be sure that Bishop Lightfoot was no apologist for coarse or blasphemous expressions, but merely took a sensible view of the matter. If the hasty words of a miner, or a coalheaver, had the malignity of the *odium theologicum*—meant what excommunications and anathemas really do mean—they would be shocking indeed; but, as a matter of fact, they are for the most part mechanical, and a method of "letting off the steam."

It is more than doubtful, however, whether the Bishop would have approved of the late resolution proposed in the Durham University Union—that, in the opinion of this house, swearing in moderation is morally unobjectionable, and has, moreover, a beneficial effect on the temper." It is rather difficult to define "moderate swearing," which may range from "dear me" to something that sounds very like it, but is not at all the same thing. What is really wanted by the offenders in question is, indeed, something "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." It was a divine of the English Church who, to urge his French postillions in the old days of Continental travel, used to scream at them the names of four English counties, "Westmoreland, Cumberland, Northumberland, and Durham," which, he found, had the desired effect, without the least breach of the moral law. A still more ingenious invention, still in use in the Black Country among persons who have violent tempers, but respectable instincts, is the phrase "Godfrey Daniel, blast and furnace maker," the mere name and occupation of a blameless labourer, but which, delivered with the proper vehemence of tone and gesture, has all the force (though not the binding character) of an oath. Some synonym of execration of this kind we would venture to recommend, instead of "moderate swearing," to that minority of the Durham University Union who voted in favour of the above remarkable resolution. As to the beneficial effect of "swear words" upon the temper, there is, no doubt, some truth in the statement; but one should also consider that on the temper of the individual who is sworn at the effect is sometimes the reverse of beneficial. A question which concerns (one regrets to say) so much larger a community than residents in the neighbourhood of Durham should be considered in all its bearings.

It is a curious example of the struggle for existence nowadays that there is already competition in that new branch of enterprise, Sunday recitation in Hyde Park. I mention it, however, not so much from its social interest as for my own; as I should be sorry for any of my readers to suppose me capable of praising the new candidates for public favour. These imitators have none of the merits of their original; their "selections" are by no means select; and their voices remind one of the poet Fitzgerald—not the immortal translator of "Omar Khayyam," but he who was wont to "bawl his creaking couplets in the tavern hall." To the credit of the commonalty, they seem to recognise the inferiority of the new comers.

Somebody, and not at the Antipodes, has again been dealt thirteen trumps at whist. We are "getting very warm," as the children say at German hide-and-seek, and had no idea such miracles would ever happen so near home. It is not even the proper time of year for them. Parliament is sitting, and there is no necessity in journalism for the production of such phenomena. As there is no remark to the contrary in the statement, it is possible that the cards which were responsible for this eccentricity were new cards, and had never been shuffled; in that case there is no cause for incredulity. Otherwise, whenever a gentleman narrates a story of this kind, it would save his hearers some embarrassment if he prefaced it with the remark, "If I had not seen it with my own eyes, I should not have believed it," which leaves a loophole for everybody. One, perhaps, may venture to inquire how, if this excessive monopoly of trumps (generally observed in the early autumn) happens so frequently, is it, if a poor fellow gets ten trumps, or even nine trumps, dealt to him, that so deep a resentment is aroused, as is always the case, so that the fact is cast up against him to almost the end of his natural life? When I have thirteen trumps, dealt with shuffled cards, to my own hand, I shall be the first to communicate it to the newspapers; when I see them in somebody else's hand I shall be silent, and consult an oculist; but, while the phenomenon takes place out of my range of vision, I reserve to myself that right of private judgment which has been conferred upon every Englishman by our glorious Constitution, and is his birthright.

The cult of the commonplace is growing, which is perhaps not to be wondered at when one considers the vastness of the public to which it appeals. The true reason of the popularity of the penny novel was that it appealed to the ordinary experience; its charm for its readers lay in its uneventful dulness, which mirrored that of their own lives; but it is only of late that among a higher class this style of writing has been thought meritorious. *Minutiae* are now, with many novelists, the favourite topic; their moral landscape is bounded by molehills instead of mountains; their catastrophes

are flea-bites. They delight in investigating some young lady's character, who, unless fashionable frivolity is a crime, is blameless to begin with; as though a surgeon, aware that the ordinary human anatomy is no secret, nevertheless should go on dissecting when there is no disease. This love of the commonplace has even affected the critics: one of them has been so good as to tell us, in a high-class periodical this month, that the persons who have most interested us in fiction should not have done so, because they are not natural—by which he means that he has not himself met them at dinner or at aesthetic five-o'clock teas. These characters give him no pleasure, because he does not happen to recognise them; he does not consider that the sphere of his acquaintance may be limited, or consist of the same class of people. Not content with meeting his five-o'clock-tea people in their chastely decorated drawing-rooms, he wants to see them in fiction too. Well, he can do that, and very easily, without excluding from our novels characters who have some individuality of their own—what he would call out-of-the-way people. Wilkie Collins used to describe a large class of his fellow-countrymen as "believing in nothing they did not read in the newspapers"; but our critic is far more steeped in incredulity. There are many things in the newspapers of which, if he read them in a novel, he would exclaim, "Impossible! grotesque! unreal!" After all is said in praise of the modern novels "of character," there are none of them that surpass those of Anthony Trollope for photographic fidelity in the description of people one meets every day. He has drawn exceptional characters also, and very well, but the delineation of the former type is his rôle; yet, when he restricts himself to them, is it not a little too much like "going into society," which Mr. Chops the dwarf (himself, one must admit, rather an eccentric creation) found so enervating? When one has got one's dressing-gown and slippers on, one doesn't want to meet in one's novel the same people we have just left at the "at home." It is like looking at a photograph-book in one's host's drawing-room. The portraits may be like enough, but his family are present in the flesh, and we feel that we have had enough of them. Moreover, our critic should remember that some readers, though it is true not many, have the faculty of imagination, and though they may not have met such a character, say, as Count Fosco in real life, he is very real to them. Or take that admirable novel "Uncle Silas": there is scarcely a character in it which is commonplace—not one whom one has ever met at lawn-tennis, or at an "at home," or shopping at Whiteley's—and yet how entralling is the story! I remember reading it for the first time in the train from Tenby, and forgetting I was a traveller at all till the train pulled up at Paddington. And yet I am told that Lefanu is "not much thought of" nowadays!

When a horse lets out at you with his hind legs, the dealer always remarks that "it is only his play," and the same sort of recreation, it seems, is indulged in by professors of the art of self-defence in their hours of ease—the leisure spent in social amenities. A couple of them, I read in the paper, were calling on a patron of the prize ring at his fashionable residence the other day, and, when going upstairs to the drawing-room "to have a drink," were overcome by a professional temptation. The landing looked, I suppose, too much like "a twenty-foot ring" to be resisted: but, at all events, then and there they had a "set to," and not only "pitched into one another," but pitched one another down stairs. So far, of course, there was nothing to complain of: it was but an ebullition of high spirits, which only a fastidious person would have called "horse-play." I conclude there were spectators looking over the banisters to whom the spectacle must have been replete with gratification. "There was no particular damage done," we are told; only, as one of the gentlemen was leaving the house, the other hit him twice over the head with a poker, which was thought serious. I wonder what our five-o'clock-tea critic would have thought of it if he had had a private view of that performance? It would have opened his eyes—unless, indeed, it had accidentally closed them.

It is strange how, in the general reprobation of the late hideous atrocities in Siberia, the Czar himself is left out of the question. In a constitutional country this should very properly be the case, but the Government of Russia is despotic. It is its ruler who, when all is said, is the authority for all its acts. Is it possible that he can be kept in ignorance of what is now known to the whole civilised world? If not, why is he not accused of this hateful crime? Is it the divinity that doth hedge a king that prevents the guilt being laid at the right door, or is it mere snobbism? It is only a few months ago that the frightful revelations of what goes on in the very mines from which he draws a large portion of his private income were given to the world. They were testified to not only by eye-witnesses but by the camera, and, indeed, there has been no pretence of denial. The Czar was personally appealed to, and kept silence, and he is silent now. Judgment must therefore go by default. There can be but one answer to the question, "Who is responsible for these hideous and cowardly cruelties in Siberia, which disgrace human nature?" It is the Czar.

It is not everyone who knows what a "reader" is—that is, a publisher's reader. If they confuse him with the "gentle reader," they make a great mistake: he is more like "the general reader," but not nearly so appreciative. His profession is to accept, but his almost universal practice (I am told by persons who have sent him their manuscripts, and ought to know) is to reject. I know nothing about him (how should I?), but information respecting quite another sort of reader has just come to hand, which is much more interesting, and better worth the attention of the public. It reveals the existence of quite a new profession—lucrative, easy, and envied by charming circumstances. The cigarmakers of Havana, male and female, are kept pretty close to their work, which, however, is light enough, and delightful. Instead of

"rolling the sweet morsel" of voluptuous remembrance under their tongues, these blameless labourers roll all day the fragrant weed in their dainty fingers, so that, though they have their ears open, they can't turn over the leaves of a book. Under these circumstances, they elect a reader from among themselves, who reads instead of working. In a delicious atmosphere, and addressing the most beautiful (though not the fairest) of their sex, he passes his days, elevating the thoughts of his fellow-creatures, who pay him in some cases—so it is stated in print, and must therefore be true—as much as £25 a week. There is a post to Havana, and I have written by it to a tobacco-merchant for the post. I have asked, first, for a sample of the cigars; secondly, for photographs of the female audience; thirdly, what is the salary to be expected the first year. If the replies are satisfactory, I am afraid I must take leave of my readers.

## THE NEW CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

General Sir Daniel Lysons, G.C.B., who has been appointed Constable of the Tower of London in place of the late Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, was born in 1816. He is son of the Rev. Daniel Lysons, F.R.S., of Hempstead Court, Gloucester, who assisted his brother, Samuel Lysons, F.A.S., the eminent antiquary, Keeper of the Tower Records, in compiling that learned and valuable work "Magna Britannia." This son was educated at Shrewsbury School, and entered the Army in 1834, joining the 1st Royals; served through the Canadian Rebellion, was Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, and was mentioned in despatches; in November 1843 he was wrecked in the transport Premier, and for his behaviour on that occasion was promoted to be Captain in the West India Regiment, but was transferred to the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He was Brigade-Major at Barbados from 1844 to 1847, and Town Major at Portsmouth in 1849. In 1852 he attained the rank of Major, and in 1854 that of Lieutenant-Colonel. He served throughout the Crimean War, and in October 1855 became Colonel commanding the 2nd Brigade of the Light Division. He was severely wounded, and was several times mentioned in despatches; he received all the medals of honour. After the war he was Assistant Adjutant-General to the Inspector-General of Infantry. In December 1861 Colonel Lysons was sent to organise the Militia of Canada, with the appointment of Deputy Quartermaster-General, and remained in Canada till 1867. He became Major-General in 1868, commanded a Brigade at Malta in that year, afterwards at Aldershot, and from 1872 to 1874 commanded the troops in the Northern District of England. In 1877 he became Lieutenant-General, and General in 1879; he was Quartermaster-General to the Forces from 1876 to 1880, and commanded the Aldershot Division from 1880 to 1883. General Lysons was made a K.C.B. in 1877, and G.C.B. in 1886. He married, first, a daughter of Charles Bridges, Esq., of Court House, Overton, Hants; and in 1865, after her death, a daughter of the Rev. R. Tritton, of Morden, Surrey.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Done and Ball, of Baker-street.

## M. TISZA, HUNGARIAN STATESMAN.

The politics of the Kingdom of Hungary, which in domestic affairs stand quite separate from those of the Empire of Austria, have undergone a sudden crisis, attended by the resignation of M. Tisza, the able Prime Minister, a servant of the State highly valued by his Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor and King.

This crisis was occasioned by the Naturalisation Bill. It should be explained that, under the provisions of an Act passed ten years ago, Louis Kossuth would have lost his Hungarian nationality this year. In consequence of the popular devotion to the aged patriot, who is still living at Turin, M. Tisza declared in Parliament last December, with the previous sanction of the King, that as Kossuth possessed the freedom of several Hungarian towns he had not lost his rights as a citizen. He promised, at the same time, to amend the Law of Naturalisation in such a way as to meet the case. But Kossuth again refused in an open letter to recognise Francis Joseph as King of Hungary. So great was the indignation among the Government supporters at this action that M. Tisza was forced to declare that no man who refused to recognise the King could expect that Sovereign to sanction a special Act in his favour. Nevertheless, M. Tisza felt himself bound by his repeated statements in Parliament, and he insisted that the Naturalisation Act Amendment Bill should contain the Kossuth clause. From this arose the dissension in the Cabinet which has caused the crisis. M. Tisza was backed up by only one of his colleagues. The case was laid before the Emperor-King, who, feeling the delicacy of the question, was reluctant to take any decision. He contented himself with promising to sanction any solution at which the Cabinet as a whole could arrive. Council followed council, the last presided over by the King in person. M. Tisza felt that the Crown would be compromised if forced to decide such a question; but, being bound by his statements in Parliament, he could not bring himself to yield—an attitude in which he had the sympathy of his Sovereign. It remains to be seen whether a compromise can by any possibility be brought about.

Koloman Tisza was born at Geszt in 1830, and is said to be of gipsy parentage, there being many respectable families of that race in Hungary. He was a clerk in the Ministry of Public Instruction at the time of the Revolution of 1848, and was for some years an exile. In 1859 he came forward as a champion of Hungarian Protestantism, was elected to the Parliament, and became leader of the Left Centre or Moderate Liberal Party, which coalesced with the Constitutional Party of Francis Deák. In 1875 M. Tisza became Minister of the Interior and President of the Cabinet; he displayed great financial skill, and cordially supported the foreign policy of Count Andrássy. Indeed, the services he has rendered to Hungary, which he saved from bankruptcy, are not greater than those he has rendered to the Empire, in whose foreign policy he has had a leading share ever since Count Andrássy's retirement. He is a staunch supporter of the Austro-German and Triple Alliance. His successor could not hope to wield the same political influence, and Count Kalnoky would miss his support at critical moments; while, as Leader of the Liberal Party, M. Tisza, with his great experience, would hold the fate of Ministries in his hand, and continue to influence the policy of future Premiers and Foreign Ministers.

The annual address to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching was given on March 8, at the Mansion House, by the Duke of Argyll, on "The Application of the Historical Method to Economic Science." The Lord Mayor presided.



## THE COURT.

After the Drawingroom on March 5 the Queen went out for a drive in Hyde Park, and in the evening had a family dinner party at Buckingham Palace, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Duke of Edinburgh, and other members of the Royal family being present. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, accompanied by Countess Feodore Gleichen, went to the Haymarket Theatre. The Queen, on the 6th, paid a visit, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, to the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, who has been for many weeks a complete invalid. Lady Ely was Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen from 1847 until she resigned last year, when she was appointed an extra Lady of the Bedchamber. In the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Wales, left Buckingham Palace, and drove to Paddington station, escorted by a detachment of the Horse Guards, many people having assembled along the line of route. Her Majesty and the Princess proceeded by special train to Windsor, which was reached at twenty-five minutes past five, the Queen and Princess at once driving to the castle. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg attended a concert at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Whitechapel Refuges, and arrived at Windsor Castle in the evening. Major-General Sir Howard Elphinstone arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Princess Victoria of Wales, attended by the Hon. Evelyn Paget and Colonel the Hon. Henry Byng (Equerry-in-Waiting), left the castle for London. On the 8th the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein arrived at the castle. The Right Hon. Sir W. T. Marriott, M.P., Judge-Advocate-General, had an audience of her Majesty. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. William and Mr. Carington had the honour of dining with the Royal family. The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting had the honour of joining the Royal circle in the Drawingroom in the evening. The Queen's private band played a selection of music, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cousins. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal households attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning, the 9th. The Dean of Windsor officiated, assisted by the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Legge, M.A., Vicar of Lewisham and Hon. Canon of Rochester, who preached the sermon. Sir William Jenner, Bart., and Major-General Dennehy arrived at the castle. The Duke of Edinburgh left the castle on the morning of the 10th. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein having left the previous day. Prince Malcom Khan, Persian Minister, arrived at the castle, and in the absence of the Secretary of State was introduced to her Majesty's presence by General Lord de Ros, Lord-in-Waiting, and presented his letter of recall. Mirza Mohammad Ali Khan Ala ul Sultaneh, the newly appointed Envoy, also arrived, and was introduced to the Queen's presence by Lord de Ros, and presented his letter of credence. The Queen and Court were present on the 11th at a concert given by the children's orchestra at Windsor Castle. The entertainment took place in the Green Drawing-room. According to arrangement, the Queen will hold another Drawingroom on the 14th. All arrangements have been completed for the journey of the Queen to Aix-les-Bains on the 25th. The Villa Victoria has been thoroughly repaired and renovated.

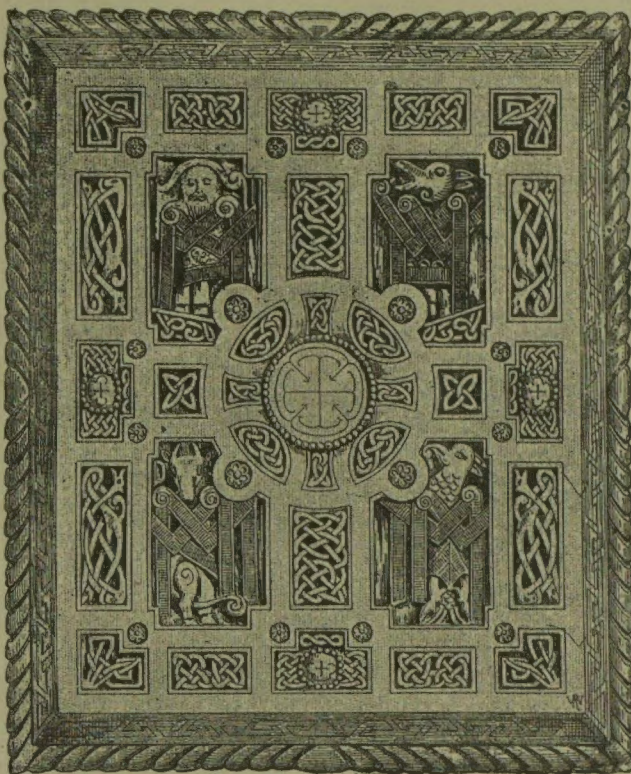
The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George, returned to Marlborough House on March 5 from Dalmeny Park, Edinburgh. His Royal Highness presided at Marlborough House at a meeting of the Governors of Wellington College. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess received Count and Countess Tornielli, on the appointment of his Excellency as Italian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Prince George left London to rejoin her Majesty's ship *Excellent* at Portsmouth. On the 6th the Prince and Princess, with Princess Maud and the Duke and Duchess of Fife, paid a visit to the Horse Show at Islington, and the Prince presented the two champion cups to the winners, after having witnessed a parade of all the prize-winners. The Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice called at Marlborough House, and the Duke stayed to luncheon. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Maud, visited the exhibition of old masters at Burlington House. The Prince on the 7th paid a visit to Mr. Thomas McLean's Gallery, in the Haymarket, and afterwards to the French Gallery, in Pall-mall. In the afternoon he went to the House of Lords, and in the evening, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince George of Wales, witnessed, for the fourth time, the performance of the "Gondoliers," at the Savoy Theatre. The Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud were present at St. Anne's Church, Soho, in the evening, when Bach's Passion Music ("St. John") was sung. The Prince was present at the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum on the 8th. His Royal Highness dined with Lord Randolph Churchill at the Junior Carlton Club. There were invited to meet him Lord Morris, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, Sir William Harcourt, M.P.; Mr. Lockwood, M.P.; Mr. Richard Power, M.P.; Mr. Asquith, M.P.; Mr. Jennings, M.P.; Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Henry Lucy, and General Ellis in attendance on the Prince. The Princess, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Maud and Victoria of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Fife, visited the Court Theatre in the evening, and witnessed the performance of "Aunt Jack." On Sunday morning, the 9th, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present at Divine service. The Prince went to the House of Lords on the 10th. In celebration of the twenty-seventh anniversary of the wedding-day of the Prince and Princess, an evening party was given at Marlborough House, which was attended by most of the members of the Royal family and a large number of other guests. The day was observed at Windsor by the ringing of merry peals on the bells of St. George's Church, and the firing of salutes. Congratulations were sent by the Queen to their Royal Highnesses, and a dinner party was given at the castle in honour of the event. On the 11th the Prince and Princess visited Chelsea Barracks to witness the performance of the "Fra Diavolo" burlesque by the officers of the Foot Guards. The Princess and the Duchess of Teck were present at the testimonial concert for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, given at St. James's Hall in the afternoon.

Mr. M. S. Pembrey, B.A., Fell Exhibitor of Christ Church, Oxford, has been elected to the Radcliffe Travelling Fellowship, which is of the annual value of £200 and tenable for three years. Mr. Pembrey gained a first class in the Honour School of Natural Science in Trinity term 1889.

It is to be hoped that some arrangement will speedily be arrived at between the Trustees of the National Gallery and Mr. Henry Tate, of Streatham, by which the nation will be enriched with a great collection of paintings, valued at £90,000, offered by that gentleman, provided the whole is housed at Trafalgar-square. The Trustees desire to select the masterpieces and reject the rest; but Mr. Tate, for the present at least, wishes the whole to be taken or none.

## THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise of Wales, Duchess of Fife, on Friday, March 7, received a deputation of six ladies—namely, the Hon. Louisa Kinnaird, the Hon. Albinia Brodrick, Miss C. Agnew, Miss Purcell, Miss Bevan, and Miss C. C. Stopford—who presented her with a Bible and casket, subscribed for by the women of the United Kingdom. The carved oak casket, which was entirely executed in Dublin, at 21, Kildare-street, represents one of the earliest Celtic designs, having been reproduced from one which dates from the early part of the eleventh century. It has the quaint symbolical emblems



OAKEN CASKET FOR BIBLE PRESENTED TO THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

of the early Christian faith. On the lid is an old Celtic cross, and on the four sides are figures representing the four Evangelists. Surrounding each are decorative patterns of antique device.

## THE LONDON HORSE SHOW.

On Thursday, March 6, the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Maud, visited the annual Spring London Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. This has become a joint show of the Hunters' Improvement Society and the Hackney Horse Society, immediately following the ordinary show of Shire-bred Horses, at the same place, under an arrangement made last year, when the Royal Agricultural Society, which gives premiums for thoroughbred sires, with a view to the improvement of hunters, hackneys, and coach-horses, held its meeting at Windsor. Other prizes are given by the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding, out of a sum of money hitherto bestowed on the Queen's Plates for races on the turf, with a further Government grant. The total number of entries was 437, including 103 thoroughbred sires, 144 hackneys, 15 ponies, 109 hunter and half-bred mares, 72 hackney mares, and 14 pony mares.

Their Royal Highnesses, who were met on arrival at the hall by the Duke of Portland (President of the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding), the Hon. Arthur Cole (President of the Hackney Horse Society), and Mr. Walter Gilbey (President of the Hunters' Improvement Society) were joined in the Royal box by Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife.

The parade of horses was very interesting, and when it was completed the Prince, attended by the Hon. Arthur Cole and Mr. Walter Gilbey, went down into the ring to present the two challenge cups to the successful owners. First Rufus, the handsome chestnut sire who had won the Elsenham Challenge Cup two years running, was brought into the centre of the ring, his appearance being greeted by a round of cheering, which was renewed when the Prince of Wales, taking from Mr. Walter Gilbey the handsome cup he had offered, handed it to Mr. Henry Moore. The cup thus became Mr. Moore's property, Rufus having won it twice in succession; and it may be of interest to add that Mr. Moore has refused the sum of 2500 guineas for this horse.

The Prince then presented the Victoria Challenge Cup, offered by Mr. Arthur Blackwood, a resident in Australia, and brother-in-law of the Hon. Arthur Cole, for the best mare in the six classes which had been judged. This was the Earl of Lonsborough's Ophelia, a beautiful chestnut mare, perfect in shape, make, and action, the daughter of Denmark. Ophelia had already won the first prize in her class and the Champion Cup of £10 for the four-year-old mares. The Earl of Lonsborough was not able to be there to receive the cup at the hands of the Prince, who presented it to his agent.

The Queen has forwarded, through General Sir H. Ponsonby, her annual subscription of £50 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution.

Senders of letters, parcels, books, &c., desirous of availing themselves of the facilities offered by the Post Office to dispatch Easter gifts to relatives and friends abroad should bear in mind that to reach their destination on or about the desired date, all such letters, parcels, &c., must be posted some time in advance.

By an explosion which occurred at the Morfa Colliery, on March 10, the long list of catastrophes associated with the South Wales coalfields has received an appalling addition. The pit, which is situated in the vicinity of Port Talbot, and is partly under the sea, is owned by Messrs. Vivian and Son. It contains two veins, a "nine-foot" and the "cribbwr," and it was in the latter that the explosion took place. Upon relief parties descending the shaft, the men engaged in the nine-foot seam were rescued, but a heavy fall blocked the second seam, entombing more than a hundred men. A few of the men have been rescued, but all the rest, it is feared, have perished. An outbreak of fire in the inner workings stopped the exploration. Messages of sympathy and inquiry have been received from the Queen and the Home Office.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

Candidates courting constituencies will do well not to falter in their suits. From club whispers that have reached me, it is possible a General Election may be sprung on the country when Mr. Goschen's Surplus Budget has been unfolded, and the Ministerial proposals for extending County Councils to Ireland have been set forth and adopted. There is this to be said in favour of this course, that the longer Governments live the greater the bulk of the sins of omission and commission even the best of Administrations must accumulate; and the considerable falling off in the numbers of Conservative and Liberal Unionist votes in North St. Pancras and in Stamford may impel the Cabinet rather sooner than later to "put it to the test to win or lose it all."

"Parnell Commission, Sir? Hoff, Sir!" How exactly did Mr. Tenniel's signally pat cartoon in *Punch* chime in with the public sentiment! We are all heartily sick and tired of the long-drawn-out discussions by means of which the lively representatives of the Five Million inhabitants of Ireland—no more, mark you, than the population of London alone—have been monopolising this Session of Parliament, as they have been doing in many and many a past Session. Mr. Smith's Ministerial motion thanking the Commissioners for their report on the Parnell Commission having at length been accepted, perhaps the Leader of the House will see to it that the interests of the rest of the kingdom are not neglected.

The Prince of Wales, who looks in better health and better form than he has for some time past, has been exhibiting more than wonted interest in public affairs by constant attendance at the House of Lords. There is urgent need of a moderating influence being exerted to calm the storms that continually rage on the interminable Irish Question. It was probably in accordance with his rational desire to throw oil on troubled waters that the Prince of Wales attended the dinner recently given by Lord Randolph Churchill, in order to meet Mr. Richard Power, the Parnellite Whip, and Mr. Asquith, who had the previous night added to his Parliamentary reputation by his vigorous speech in defence of the Parnellite Party, whom the Attorney-General and the Secretary for Ireland have assailed with philippics which are assuredly impolitic, seeing that the Government promised in the Queen's Speech a Local Government measure for Ireland.

Plentiful were the oratorical gems in the week's debate on the Parnell Commission, started, on the Third of March, with the "temperate speech" Mr. Smith read, and the wonderfully animated and forcible address from Mr. Gladstone in moving the amendment denouncing the forgeries by which it was sought to vilify Mr. Parnell. Sir Charles Russell, full of eloquence and emotional earnestness, condensed his vindication of the Home Rule leader into the most effective speech he has yet made in the House of Commons. Rhetorically adroit and vigorous, Sir Richard Webster retorted with spirit; and Colonel Sanderson, racy of the soil of which he is an ornament, entered the lists as cheerily as ever in the capacity of Ulster champion of the Government. From Sir Henry James we have never had a more powerful deliverance than that which came from him on the Seventh of March as deputy leader of the Liberal Unionists, though it was surely mistaken zeal which induced him to exculpate the spy Le Caron. Sir Henry James and Sir Richard Webster both were cogently answered by that remarkably able young Gladstonian member, Mr. Herbert Henry Asquith, who has steadily risen in the estimation of the House since he delighted us with his exceptionally successful maiden speech. On the present occasion Mr. Asquith, centre of attraction as he stood delivering his bold sentences immediately behind Mr. Gladstone, excelled himself. That he is already a power in the House, this youthful speaker, with the intelligent, clean-shaven face and impressively earnest manner, a master of irony and of those essentials to success in debate, the gifts of condensation and of clear articulation, was proved by the interest with which he was regarded by such first-class debaters as Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Henry James, who turned round to look at him, and, above all, by the compliments paid him at the close by Sir Charles Russell, Mr. John Morley, and by his venerable chief, who cordially shook hands with his staunch young follower. Mr. Asquith wound up by declaring that, in his opinion, the first thing the next Parliament would do with Mr. Smith's resolution would be "to expunge from its journals" what he designated as an ungenerous record.

Mr. Gladstone's increasing deafness was evidenced on the resumption of the debate on the Tenth of March, after the inexplicable count-out on the previous Friday night. Some time having been cut to waste by a Tweedledum and Tweedledee discussion as to a precedent for the resumption of the debate under such circumstances, Mr. Thomas Sexton rose to deliver a prolonged defence of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues; and Mr. Gladstone slipped into Mr. Dillwyn's corner seat below the gangway, in order, hand to ear, to hear the hon. member better. Mr. Sexton caused some sensation by reading a dynamite letter from Le Caron, and some other communications from invincible prisoners, to prove the Government assisted the *Times*' case against the Parnellites. Telling were his home-thrusts against the Ministry on the score that they were now assailing Irish members, whose aid they were glad to have in 1885, when they first accepted office, and whose help they subsequently accepted in the General Election. That alliance being matter of common report and knowledge at the time, it was somewhat surprising at a later hour in the evening to hear Mr. Balfour in a thronged House, and speaking with habitual force, use such vituperative language against Mr. Parnell and his followers. If all the discreditable and reprehensible actions the Irish Secretary charged the Parnellite members with were true (and I by no means imply some of them were not), should not some of the blame be shared by those who were their political allies in 1885? Be that as it may, the House, despite the rotund oratory of Sir William Harcourt, negated Mr. Gladstone's amendment by a majority of 71 (339 against 268 votes)—a significantly diminished majority.

Among the surprises of the debate, the most notable occurred at the following sitting. Mr. Jennings, Conservative member for Stockport, and a prominent member of the new Fourth Party, Lord Randolph Churchill is creating, had given notice, on the Seventh of March, of an amendment similar in spirit to Mr. Gladstone's. But when the time came for him to move it Mr. Jennings was in a manner forestalled by Lord Randolph Churchill, who, in a slashing speech, arraigned the Government for unconstitutional conduct in setting on foot the Parnell Commission, and concluded by saying ditto to Mr. Asquith. When Mr. Chamberlain had passed judgment on the Bluebook in a characteristically cool and incisive speech, Mr. Jennings rose and rebuked Lord Randolph Churchill for his attack on the Government, and withdrew his amendment. Mr. Caine, however, moved the amendment, which, after spirited speeches from Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. John Morley, was rejected by a reduced majority of 62 (321 against 259 votes). Amid Ministerial cheers, Mr. Smith's motion was then adopted.





OFFICERS PRACTISING WITH THE REVOLVER AT DEMAGIRI.

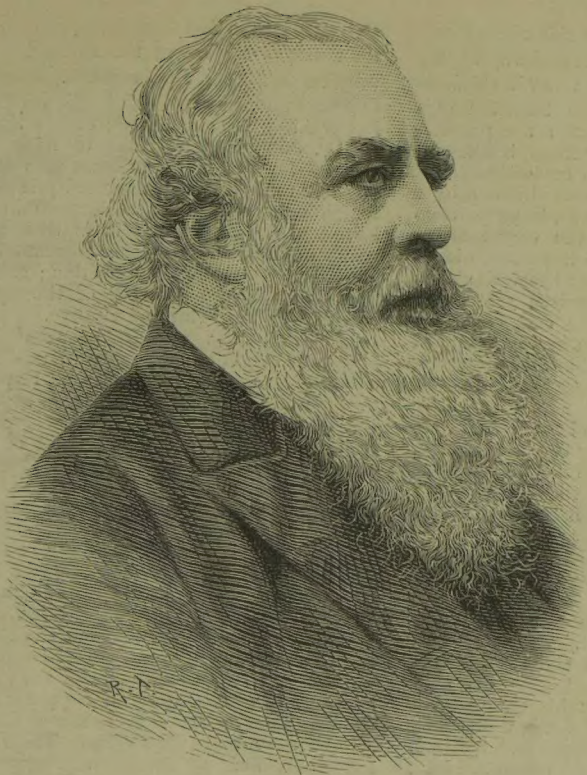


OFFICERS CHECKING STORES AFTER CROSSING A RIVER.

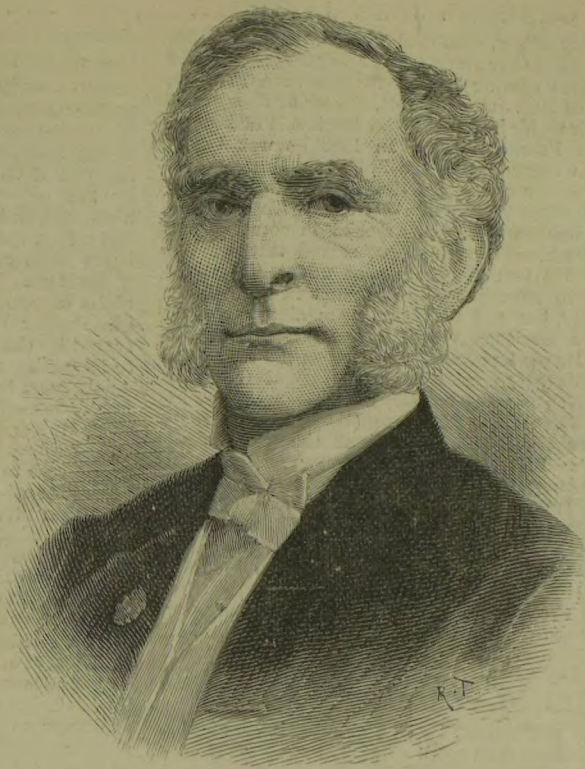
THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION.

SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT H. W. G. COLE, 3RD GOORKHAS.





THE LATE GENERAL JOHN LIPTROTT,  
AN INDIAN OFFICER OF SIXTY YEARS' ACTIVE SERVICE.



THE LATE SIR JAMES INGHAM,  
CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE COURTS.

### THE LATE SIR JAMES INGHAM.

The Chief Magistrate of the Metropolitan Police-Courts, Sir James Taylor Ingham, died on March 5, at his residence, 40, Gloucester-square. He was born Jan. 17, 1805, the younger son of the late Mr. Joseph Ingham of Blake Hall, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, by his wife, a daughter of the late Mr. James Taylor, of Halifax. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1832, and in the same year was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. In 1849 he was appointed one of the magistrates of the Thames Police-Court, and passed thence to the Hammersmith and Wandsworth Police-Courts, but in July 1876 was knighted and promoted to the chair at Bow-street, which fell vacant on the death of Sir Thomas Henry, and which Sir James held nearly fourteen years, although more than a septuagenarian when he succeeded to it. The present arrangement of metropolitan police magistrates was made by Mr. Pitt in 1792, and Bow-street was selected as the court in which the chief magistrate should sit. In that same street, although

not in the same court, distinguished predecessors had dispensed justice, since the day when Henry Fielding, author of "Tom Jones" and "Amelia," discharged the same functions in 1756. He was succeeded in 1761 by his blind half-brother, Sir John Fielding, after whom came Sir William Addington, appointed in 1780; Sir Richard Ford, in 1800; Mr. Read, in 1806; Sir Nathaniel Conant, in 1813; Sir Robert Baker, in 1820; Sir Richard Birnie, in 1821; Sir Frederick Roe, in 1823; Mr. T. J. Hall, in 1839; and Sir Thomas Henry, in 1864. Sir James Ingham officiated in the capacity of a police magistrate, more than forty years, and was in many respects admirably qualified for the difficult duties of the post which he held so long. He married, in 1835, Gertrude, the daughter of Mr. James Penrose, by which lady he had, with other issue, a son, Mr. James Penrose Ingham, who was born in 1838, and died in 1879, having been educated, like his father, at Trinity College, Cambridge, and married, in 1867, to Lady Caroline Stanhope, eldest daughter of the seventh Earl of Harrington. The Portrait of Sir James Ingham is from a photograph by Mr. A. Bassano, Old Bond-street.

### THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION.

Our correspondent, Lieutenant H. W. G. Cole, of the 3rd Goorkhas, with Brigadier-Colonel Tregear's expedition going up the Kurnaphuli River to the Lushai highlands, above Chittagong and the north-east coast of the Bay of Bengal, made Sketches of the headquarters camp at Demagiri, and of the march by forest and mountain paths to the interior of that wild country. One of the Sketches now presented is that of some officers at the camp beguiling their leisure with a little pistol or revolver practice at bottles floating in the stream. The other shows officers on duty taking an account of the stores landed from boats after crossing a river on the march. This column of troops from Bengal has since arrived at Haka, and formed a junction with the main force of the Chin Expedition, under General Symons, from Upper Burmah, which is expected shortly to attack the Tashons, the most powerful of the Chin tribes, in order to break up the hostile league of those people against the British Indian rule in Burmah. The southern tribes have already submitted.



THE GUARDS' BURLESQUE, "FRA DIAVOLO," AT THE THEATRE, CHELSEA BARRACKS.



## THE LATE GENERAL JOHN LIPTROTT.

This veteran military officer, who died at Southsea on Feb. 25, served on the active list over sixty years, being forty-two years in India without once coming home. He was born in 1812, the second son of the Rev. John Liptrott, Rector of Broughton Astley, Leicestershire. He joined the 31st Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry in February 1829. In 1839 he was transferred, as second in command, to the 3rd Local Horse, afterwards the 3rd Irregular Cavalry, and with this regiment he served through the Afghan campaign of 1842, with Pollock's army. In 1845 he was transferred, as second in command, to the Sirmour Battalion, and, with them, served through the Sutlej campaigns. He had his horse shot under him at the battle of Aliwal. In reward for his conduct in the Khyber Pass in January 1842, but not till four years afterwards, he was, though only a Lieutenant and Brevet Captain, at the solicitation of Sir Henry Lawrence, who was an eyewitness of his behaviour, appointed to raise the 17th Bengal Irregular Cavalry (now the 7th Bengal Cavalry). This regiment he commanded until January 1854, when (being only a regimental Captain) he assumed command of the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers (later the 104th, now the Munster Fusiliers) in Burma. In February 1855 he returned to "Liptrott's Horse" (the 17th Irregular Cavalry), which regiment he commanded all through the war of the Sepoy Mutiny. In 1861 he was appointed to the command of the 4th Regiment Native Infantry, which he held till his resignation in June 1869. He married, in 1843, Miss L. C. Angelo, daughter of General Angelo, of the Bengal Artillery, and granddaughter of Colonel Angelo, who was Commandant of the Bodyguard of Warren Hastings.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"Ah, que j'aime les militaires!" The merry times of the Grande Duchesse de Gêrolstein seem to return with the flocking of Princes and Princesses and the fashionable world generally to the gay little theatre of the Guards at Chelsea Barracks. But it is not the infectious music of Offenbach which is the attraction. It is the late H. J. Byron's diverting Gaiety burlesque of "Fra Diavolo," posted "up to date" more or less by Mr. William Yardley and Mr. Edward Solomon, that has entertained Society and Tommy Atkins at Chelsea. Though there was no Kate Vaughan to enchant us as this sprightly actress did last year with the poetry of motion as exemplified in her unrivalled lace-petticoat dances, the perfection of sylph-like grace, there was a certain Corporal Christian, who won cordial applause by his terpsichorean agility. All who are acquainted with the dramatic talent of Colonel H. Ricardo and Captain F. C. Ricardo will not need to be told that they shone as Giacomo and Fra Diavolo. Remarkable, likewise, for the spirited representation of Sir Simpleton Simon by Sir Augustus Webster, for the capital Beppo of Mr. George Macdonald, and the Matteo of Mr. Crompton-Roberts, "Fra Diavolo" was furthermore lucky in having a charming Zerlina and Lady Simpleton Simon in Miss Rose Hawdon and Miss Annie Schletter. A particularly interesting feature was the introduction of the Carabineers in the uniform worn by the Foot Guards in 1790. It should be mentioned that the Guards' burlesque (admirably stage-managed by Mr. Soutar and Mr. Charles Hawtrey) was on the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, performed for the benefit of the Guards' Industrial Home.

It was an exceedingly "happy thought" of Mr. F. R. Benson, one of the most thoughtful of our younger school of Shakspearean actors, to engage the Globe Theatre for a winter season of Shakspeare. The woodland scene of Shakspeare's fairy comedy having been mounted with quite exceptional beauty, and the play having been well acted by Mr. Benson's well-trained company, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has proved as enjoyable in its way to large and appreciative audiences as the memorable summer representation of the same piece did in Mr. Labouchere's garden at Twickenham. Mr. Benson is to be warmly commended for exhibiting similar care in the production of "Hamlet" at the Globe (which has, by the way, an appropriate view of the curiously shaped original Globe Theatre of Shakspeare's times for the drop curtain). Mr. Benson's Hamlet evidenced thoughtful study, and the performance of the tragedy generally is meritorious. When Mr. Charles Cartwright has thoroughly shaken off his melodramatic habits, and ascertained the pitch of the Globe, his King will be better. Following the fashion set by Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Benson has endowed "Hamlet" with a young Queen in Miss Ada Ferrar, and thereby, unquestionably, added to the effectiveness of the revival. Mrs. Benson is a graceful Ophelia; Mr. G. F. Black, a duly sententious Polonius; Mr. Otho Stuart delivers the speeches of Horatio with laudable earnestness; Mr. Stephen Phillips is a weirdly impressive ghost; Mr. H. R. Weir makes an admirable First Gravedigger; and, altogether, "Hamlet," as played at the Globe alternately with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," is certainly praiseworthy.

Everybody interested in the contemporary drama will learn with regret that Mr. Herman Merivale is seriously ill. It would be a happy circumstance if Mr. Irving's determination to open his next season at the Lyceum with a new and original play by this esteemed dramatist should prove coincident with Mr. Herman Merivale's recovery. Meantime, the attractions of that powerful French revolutionary drama, Watts Phillips's "Dead Heart," revived on a scale of true Lyceum magnificence, continue unabated. At the close of the present season at the Lyceum it is the intention of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry to give a series of Shakspearean recitations during the Summer in the provinces.

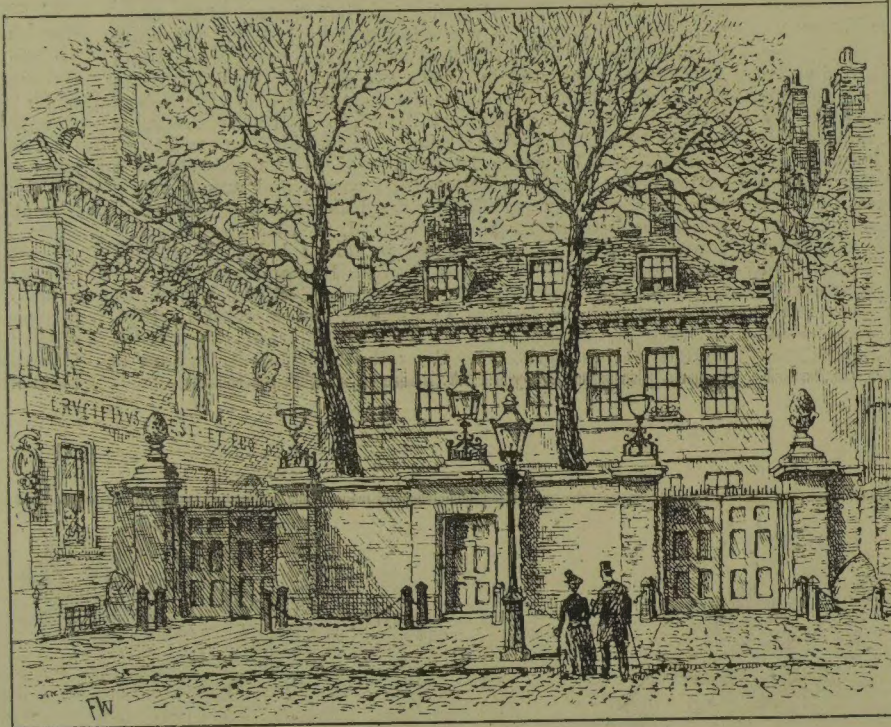
Melodrama is mounted so richly by Messrs. A. and S. Gatti at the Adelphi that each new play there "spells success." Thus, the amusing scenes of London life in "London Day by Day," by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt, continue to draw. This exciting play has passed its 150th performance, without the least sign of any diminution of public interest in its clever characterisation. At the Haymarket and at the Shaftesbury, attractive as "A Man's Shadow" and "The Middleman" have proved, Mr. Tree and Mr. Willard have been compelled by previous arrangements to put in rehearsal new pieces by Mr. Grundy and Mr. Law.

Mr. Samuel Dill, M.A., son of the late Rev. Dr. Dill, Professor of Theology in the Magee College, Londonderry, has been appointed Professor of Greek in the Queen's College, Belfast.

## THE DEANERY OF ST. PAUL'S.

Passengers beneath the archway on the south side of St. Paul's Churchyard leading to Doctor's Commons—an archway having a narrow strip of a shop on either side, built in the thickness of the wall, and a balcony above in which tradition says Sir Christopher Wren used to sit and watch the progress of his masterpiece—are less numerous now than before the removal of the Will Office in 1874; and the curiosity excited by the large and unattractive building, half hidden by a high wall and solid entrance door on the right, is proportionately less. An inspection of the small—the very small—brass plate on the aforesaid door, gives an important clue—"The Dean of St. Paul's"; and such has been the designation of its successive occupants for over two hundred years. Sir Christopher Wren, who built the house—the cost being defrayed by the disposal of much of the garden ground attached to its predecessor before the Great Fire, for building purposes, would seem to have aimed at the greatest possible amount of ugliness—and succeeded.

Its interest lies in the men of mark who have lived there, and of these, and the changes effected during their occupancy, we propose to give a brief account. Edward Stillingfleet, the vigorous anti-Papist, and author of the "Origines Britannicæ," was Dean 1677-89; and on his elevation to the See of Worcester was succeeded by John Tillotson, who left his famous sermons as a bequest to his wife, the copyright realising the largest sum ever paid for literary property up to that time—two thousand five hundred guineas. In 1691 he became Archbishop of Canterbury. He "held the Deanery of St. Paul's with a residentiaryship for so short a time," writes Milman ("History of St. Paul's"), "and that in abeyance of the cathedral services, that I am compelled to express only in limited space my great veneration for his character, a character as I think nearly blameless, and for his beneficial influence as almost the father of religious toleration." William Sherlock followed Tillotson, and "assuredly," writes Milman, "no appointment in the English Church ever made such an uproar." The story of the conversion of this "oracle, pride, and trust" of the Nonjurors is to be found in Macaulay's History. He died in 1707, Mrs. Sherlock, who, as Milman says, "it may be presumed exercised to her satisfaction the hospitalities of the Deanery," having had the



THE DEANERY OF ST. PAUL'S.

credit, rightfully or wrongfully, of having, out of a prudent regard for the loaves and fishes of office, largely influenced her husband's recantation. The next prominent name is that of Joseph Butler (1740-50), whose famous "Analogy" was written in 1736. In 1768 Thomas Newton became Dean. He is described by Milman as "a man of letters, an accomplished man, fond of pictures and prints. . . . An acceptable preacher, with popular manners." He edited "Paradise Lost," with notes; and wrote an amusing autobiography in the third person, from which we learn that a state of chronic ill-health followed the effects of his preaching "in that cold church" St. Paul's. He contrived to reside, however, for the greater part of each year in the Deanery, which he improved by "putting in sash windows," and removing the two small houses, with shops, which stood one on each side of the entrance-gate, replacing them by the present wall, "in the middle whereof the door was placed as before, and on either side were made large gates to let coaches in to the foot of the steps, and to let them out again." Also he asserted the exclusive right of way for carriages to the Deanery—provided by the Act of Parliament of 1670 for rebuilding the mansion—under the archway from the churchyard, and replaced the fixed centre-post stopping the road traffic by "a lock-up post to let down and set up again as occasion required." For this is now substituted an iron plate, sometimes raised to stop the traffic at the will of the Dean. Newton died here in 1782. The two trees in the courtyard were planted, as Dean Church informed the writer, by Dean Sumner in 1826. With the mention of Edward Copleston (1827-49), the vindicator of the University of Oxford from the attacks of the *Edinburgh Review*, we pass to Henry Hart Milman, whose "History of the Jews" so alarmed the uninformed orthodox of the age, and impeded his preferment. The performances under the dome, now so popular, were initiated by him, and the decoration of the interior, commenced in 1853. Like Dean Stanley, he loved the noble edifice over which he presided, and, like him, wrote its history. "When the grand old head," says a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* (1868), "with the keen intellect in those eyes which age could not dim, the sense of humour about the mouth, and the feeling of power in the whole manner and expression, came before one, it made that well-hackneyed word 'venerable' seem fresh when applied to him." Milman died in 1868, at the age of seventy-five.

A delightful concert was given on March 11, at Brompton Hospital, by Mrs. Raymond Maude, assisted by Mrs. Alfred Scott Gatty, Miss Veronica Makins (violin), Mr. George Power, Mr. Frank Pownall, and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt (pianoforte). The large audience asked for several encores, which were most kindly acceded to.

## EUROPE'S NATIONAL ANTHEMS.

The origin of "God save the Queen" is discussed annually in the newspapers, just as the sea serpent and other periodical wonders make their appearance. Some will have it that the famous tune was composed by Henry Carey, who gave "Sally in our Alley" to the world; others that it came from the pen of Dr. John Bull, organist to King James I. It has been claimed for Scotland, by those who think they recognise its strains in an old Christmas carol printed in Forbes's "Cantus," which was published at Aberdeen in 1682; and the French have told us that we owe it to their countryman Lulli. The name of Purcell has been associated with it; it has been classed as a Jacobite composition; and it is said to have been first sung on the occasion of the apprehended invasion of England by the Prince of Orange.

From all this it would appear that there is as much mystery about the origin of our national anthem as there used to be about the sources of the Nile. Experts, however, are now pretty well agreed on the matter—at least, as to the origin of the words. Some years ago the programme of a concert given in 1744 by John Travers, organist of the Chapel Royal, was discovered, in which are printed two stanzas of a "Latin chorus" so evidently intended for the tune of "God save the Queen" that they must be regarded as the original text of the hymn. These Latin words, with their accompanying melody, are conjectured to have been sung in King James's chapel in 1688; and it is supposed that Travers had found the original manuscript, or a copy of it, in the Chapel Royal, while he was organist. Of course, this still leaves the question of the authorship a mystery; but it is something to know that our national anthem is, at least, a native product.

The year 1744 was just about the time for a loyal song to appear, and we find that on Sept. 28, 1745, twelve days after the proclamation of the Pretender at Edinburgh, "God save the King" was sung at Drury-Lane Theatre, with harmonies and accompaniments by Dr. Arne. The performance was received with tremendous applause, and the example of Drury-Lane was soon followed by Covent-Garden and Goodman's-Fields. In October 1745 the music and words were printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" "as sung at both playhouses," and with the addition of the third verse, beginning "Thy choicest gifts in store." From this date the air rapidly increased in popularity, and after a time took its place as the national anthem of the country. Musically, it is by no means a striking air, but, whatever may be its defects, we certainly never had a better national song.

To find a contrast, let us cross the Channel. Was there ever a national melody more suited to the character of the people than the French "Marseillaise"? Let us have Carlyle's words on this inspiring and truly martial melody. "The sound of it," says he, in his "French Revolution," "will make the blood tingle in men's veins; and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death, Despot, and Devil." It would be impossible to exaggerate the share which this song had in the first French Revolution. It had not been many months in existence, when it was being sung by nearly every man, woman, and child in the country; and the words "Aux armes! Marchons!" were resounding in all parts of France. Since that time there has been no season of disorder in which its strains have not excited the passions of the people. Indeed, so great was its power that the Government at one time prohibited its being sung or played in public; and it was not until 1879 that this prohibition was rescinded.

Carlyle calls the composer of the "Marseillaise" an "inspired Tyrtæan Colonel," and Rouget de Lisle surely deserves to be so described. According to the usually accepted account, both words and music were composed by De Lisle in the course of a single night. This was at Strasburg, on April 24, 1792; and two days afterwards the song was copied and arranged for a military band, and performed at a review on Sunday, the 29th. On June 25 it was sung at a civic banquet at Marseilles, amid such enthusiasm that it was at once printed and distributed to the troops just starting for Paris. They entered the capital on July 30, singing their new hymn; and to its strains they marched on the Tuileries, on Aug. 10, 1792. From that day the popularity of the tune was assured. De Lisle, who had been a Captain of Engineers, had a pension conferred on him by Louis Philippe, in recognition of his services in composing the "Marseillaise." He was still living when Carlyle wrote the words we have quoted.

The Austrian national anthem, "God preserve the Emperor," is, perhaps, the only air of the kind which has come from the pen of a great composer. It was written by Haydn, and is well known in England from its frequent use as a hymn tune. Having, during his visit to this country, observed the effect of "God save the King" on public occasions, Haydn made the resolve to present his own country with a similar composition. Baron Swieten and Count Sarau, two of his best patrons, procured the poetry for him from the poet Haschka, and, by their agency, the hymn was performed for the first time at the celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Franz, on Feb. 12, 1797, at the theatre in Vienna. Subsequently, in the reign of the Emperor Ferdinand, other words, written by Baron Zedlitz, were substituted for those of Haschka. The beautiful and ear-baunting melody was afterwards employed by Haydn in one of his best-known quartets (Op. 76, No. 3). He was very fond of it himself, and it is recorded that just before his death he was taken from his bed, and, being carried to the piano, played the air solemnly three times over, in the presence of his weeping servants.

The Russian national anthem—so called—is "God save the Czar." Before the year 1833 the Russians had no loyal song, and the Czars had to be contented with a version of our "God save the King." On his return from a trip abroad in 1832, Czar Nicholas ordered Alexis Lvov, a Russian musician, at once to compose a national hymn. Lvov set to work, and the music, with words by the poet Joukovsky, was soon ready. The Emperor expressed his satisfaction with the hymn, and in 1833 it was played for the first time in the Grand Theatre at Moscow. "God save the Czar" is, however, little more than an official hymn: the vast majority of the Russian people do not know it, and would not echo its sentiments if they did. The tune is a very good one, and, like Haydn's melody, has frequently been transferred to our English hymn-books.

J. C. H.

Earl Stanhope has been appointed Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Kent, in the room of the late Earl Sydney.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, on March 6, M. Laur, a Boulangist, interpellated the Government on their action in connection with the Berlin Labour Conference, and, after an excited discussion, the order of the day, pure and simple, was voted as a mark of complete approval of the attitude of the Cabinet towards the Berlin Conference by 480 to 4 votes.

M. Tisza, the Hungarian Prime Minister, has finally resigned office, and Count Julius Szapáry, Minister of Agriculture, has been commanded by the Emperor-King to form a new Cabinet.

An official version is published of the speech which the German Emperor made to the Provincial Diet of Brandenburg on March 5. He remarked that, having first devoted his energies to assuring tranquillity abroad, he has now turned his attention to internal affairs, and has made the welfare of the lower classes his chief care. All who would assist him he should heartily welcome, but those who opposed him in his task he should crush.—The 9th being the anniversary of the death of the Emperor William I., the day was utilised to consecrate the mausoleum in the park of Charlottenburg, which has lately been enlarged to afford space for the remains of their late Imperial Majesties to repose beside the coffins of Frederick William III. and his consort, Queen Louise, as well as of Princess Liegnitz, his second andmorganatic wife, Prince Albrecht of Prussia, and the heart of Frederick William IV.—The Order of the Black Eagle has been conferred upon Herr Von Boetticher, Minister of State, who is expected to be appointed shortly to succeed Prince Bismarck in the Presidency of the Prussian Ministry.—The Emperor,

accompanied only by one aide-de-camp, drove, on the morning of the 11th, in an open carriage to Potsdam, to be present at the close of the riding course of the officers of the four regiments of Cavalry Guards garrisoned there.

It is reported from Athens that the Turkish troops have had a fight with a band of robbers not far from the Greek frontier, and have taken some prisoners and dispersed the band, but have lost more than twenty soldiers in the affray.

President Harrison has approved an Act according to which the United States will send two delegates to the Industrial Conference to be held at Madrid.

In the Quebec House of Assembly, on March 6, Mr. David brought forward a motion against Imperial Federation, which was carried unanimously. In the course of his speech, Mr. David declared himself more in favour of annexation to the United States than of Imperial Federation.

A large meeting of the Victoria Institute was held at the house of the Society of Arts on March 10, when Sir M. Monier Williams read a paper on the Monism, Pantheism, and Dualism of Brahmanical and Zoroastrian Philosophers. The lecture was followed by a discussion.

Through the kindness of Countess Cadogan, a concert was given to the in-patients of the Cancer Hospital (Free), Brompton, on March 10, when an excellent programme was capitally rendered. A word of special praise is due to the Hon. E. Cadogan (nine years old), who shows considerable talent as an elocutionist. A hearty vote of thanks was passed on the proposition of Mr. Waud, a member of the committee, to the Countess and her friends for their kindness.

## "CHILDREN'S HAPPY EVENINGS."

An association has been formed, by some wise and kind-hearted ladies, to provide evening amusements for boys and girls in the London Board schools, inviting those who have the best records of attendance at the studies and conduct in school hours. Mrs. Francis Jeune, a lady whose writings on topics of social charity have frequently gained public notice, is one of the active promoters of this scheme, which has been cordially supported by others; the honorary secretary is Miss Edith Heather-Bigg. The London School Board has willingly allowed the use of the school premises, also supplying gas free of charge, while the Association has had to furnish a pianoforte, and some bats and balls, toys and pictures, and a little decoration for the rooms, as well as tea and cakes and bread-and-butter. Several ladies and gentlemen endowed with musical or other talents have exerted themselves to entertain the children; and the dancing, in which all have freely joined, seems to be particularly enjoyable. The movement began this season in Lambeth, and has extended to Chelsea and Marylebone, in the west, and to Shoreditch and Bethnal Green, in the east; Sir James Carmichael, Mr. McIver, and the Rev. A. O. Jay, Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch, giving it their countenance. On Monday evening, March 10, Lady George Hamilton presided over a pleasant social meeting of this kind at the Nicol-street Board School, where fifteen hundred boys and girls receive their education from day to day. The two hundred lads present on the occasion were those who had the best records of attendance in the second, fourth, fifth, and sixth standards. Already, in Marylebone, this reward has caused the school attendance to improve five per cent.



"CHILDREN'S HAPPY EVENINGS," CONDUCTED AT LONDON BOARD SCHOOLS BY MRS. JEUNE AND OTHER LADIES.

## THE PARSEE CRICKETERS OF BOMBAY.

The great match between the Parsees and Mr. Vernon's English Eleven was played in the presence of about 15,000 people at Bombay on Jan. 30 and 31. There was a very exciting finish, and the Parsees won the match by 4 wickets and 1 run. It was a performance which has been deservedly applauded by most of the leading Indian papers. To quote the words of the *Times of India*: "It may fitly stand as the greatest achievement yet done by the Parsee cricketers, that they should beat a team which has beaten the picked Elevens of Bengal and Northern India."

In the first innings, Mr. Vernon played a sound innings of 42, not out, but the others did not do much against the very accurate fast bowling of the Parsees, and the whole innings closed for 97 runs. The Parsees did not fare better in their first venture, and were all disposed of for 82 runs. The Englishmen were not lucky in their second innings, and compiled the smallest score that they have yet done in India—namely, 61 runs. The Parsees had to make 77 runs to win the match. Some of their best bats went down for a song, and there was great excitement at one time; but Dr. Pauri and Mr. Gagrut made a stubborn stand, and the hopes of the Parsees gradually revived; then Mr. Machimalla hit up the remaining runs in grand style, and thus the Parsees won a splendid victory, which is now a matter of cricket history.

The Parsee captain, Mr. J. M. Framjee Patel, comes of one of the highest families in the land, and is the best all-round sportsman the Parsees have. He has few equals in billiards, chess, tennis, and cricket, and is also one of the best Parsee orators: the present prosperity of Parsee cricket is attributable to his exertions for many years past. Next to him comes Dr. Pauri, who at present is undoubtedly the best all-round Parsee cricketer, and was in England with the second team. He is a bowler of very high order. Mr. D. D. Kanga is the Parsee Blackham, and he is one of the freest bats going. Messrs. Mody, Gagrut, and Machimalla are rising young cricketers; they are sure to be favourably received by the English public if they go to England, as the Parsees mean to send

a representative team in 1891. Half of the Parsee team is composed of University men, and the other half of men in good position in life.

It may be observed that Mr. Vernon's team has played almost all the best teams in India, and has beaten them all up till now. The only match it has lost is the one with the Parsee team, which may deservedly be called the champion team of India.

## TWO INDIAN NATIVE PRINCES.

## THE MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA.

We present a Portrait of the young Maharajah of Kapurthala, who recently had the honour of entertaining his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor of Wales. The Maharajah has large territories in the Punjab and Oude, and his family have always distinguished themselves by fidelity and loyalty to the British Government. His grandfather fought bravely for us in the Mutiny War, receiving as his reward a fine estate at the foot of the Nepaul Terai, which now yields a handsome revenue. The present Maharajah is still a minor, and his State is under British administration; but he will soon attain his majority. He is well educated, and talks French fluently. He is a great favourite in society, being a good sportsman, an excellent host, and thoroughly well up in the political problems of the day. His income is about £200,000 a year.

Kapurthala is famous for its preserves of wild boar. They have been visited, within the last two or three years, by Lord Dufferin and Sir Frederick Roberts; and quite recently his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor enjoyed a capital morning's pig-sticking close to the palace. He took a first spear in fine style, assisting at the death of eight enormous boars, several of which sold their lives dearly, after causing some damage to the horses engaged in the sport.

## THE RAJAH OF BHINGA.

The Rajah of Bhinga, in Oude, was one of those specially deputed to entertain Prince Albert Victor, at the fête given by the Talookdars of Oude in his honour at the Kaiser Bagh,

Lucknow, on Jan. 18. The Rajah is one of the few orthodox Hindus who maintain the real need for social reform and some practical scheme for the social improvement of the people. At the same time he maintains, with uncompromising candour, that the proposals of the National Congress, where at all new, are for the most part crude and impracticable, and unlikely to afford political results of any value. He has no sympathy with the obtrusive agitators, with their thin veneer of English education, their loose principles, and want of reverence for the past; and he fully recognises the important fact that India is not a nation, but a collection of peoples of different races, creeds, and interests, who live together in peace and tolerance mainly because peace and tolerance are enjoined and enforced by the strong hand of the law. His own political views have been largely set forth in the *Calcutta Review*, in "Indian Radicalism and its Danger," in a letter to the *Times* in reply to Dr. Hunter, and in a masterly political pamphlet, "Democracy not suited to India," which is certainly one of the best contributions to the discussion of the Congress question.

The Rajah is a scion of the ancient house of the Biswen Rajputs, which has produced many distinguished Rajahs and chiefs; he is the Talookdar of one of the largest and richest estates in Oude, in the management of which he has shown unusual capacity; and he is a benevolent donor both to private and public objects. He was a member of the North-West Provinces Education Commission and of the Public Service Commission, and is a Fellow of the Universities of Calcutta and Allahabad.

Our Portrait of the Maharajah of Kapurthala is from a photograph by Messrs. Johnson and Hoffmann, of Calcutta, Darjeeling, Simla, and Rangoon; that of the Rajah of Bhinga is from one by Messrs. G. W. Laurie and Co., of Lucknow, Naini Tal, and Mussoorie.

Lord Cottesloe, the oldest Peer of the realm, attained the great age of ninety-two years on March 11. The only other nonagenarian Peer is the Earl of Albemarle, who is in his ninety-first year.





THE MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA, PUNJAB.



THE RAJAH OF BHINGA, OUDE.



THE PARSEE REPRESENTATIVE CRICKET TEAM AT BOMBAY—THE CHAMPION TEAM IN INDIA.





DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

*And they marvelled while the music delivered its message—which is different for every soul.*

# ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

## PART II.—CHAPTER I.

SWEET COZ.

"I SUPPOSE," said Philippa, "that we were obliged to ask her."

"Well, my dear," her mother replied, "Mr. Jagenal is an old friend, and when"—Her voice dropped, and she did not finish the sentence. It is absurd to finish a sentence which is understood.

"Perhaps she will not do anything very outrageous."

"Well, my dear, Mr. Jagenal distinctly said that her manner"—Again she left the sentence unfinished. Perhaps it was her habit.

"As she bears our name and comes from our place we can hardly deny the cousinship. In a few minutes, however, we shall know the worst."

Philippa, dressed for dinner, was standing before the fire, tapping the fender impatiently with her foot, and playing with her fan. A handsome girl of three or four and twenty: handsome, not pretty, if you please, nor lovely. By no means. Handsome, with a kind of beauty which no painter or sculptor would assign to Lady Venus, because it lacked softness; nor to Diana, because that huntress, chaste and fair, was country-bred, and Philippa was of the town—urban. The young lady was perfectly well satisfied with her own style of beauty. If she exaggerated a little its power, that is a common feminine mistake. The exaggeration brings to dress a moral responsibility. Philippa was dressed this evening in a creamy white silk, which had the effect of softening a face and manner somewhat cold and even hard. The young men of the period complained that Philippa was stand-offish. Certainly she did not commit the mistake, too common among girls, of plunging straight off into sympathetic interest with every young man. Philippa waited for the young men to interest her, if they could. Generally, they could not. And, while many girls listen with affected deference to the opinions of the young man, Philippa made the young man receive hers with deference. These plain facts show, perhaps, why Philippa, at twenty-four, was still free and unengaged.

In appearance she was tall—all young ladies who respect themselves are tall in these days: her features were clearly cut, if a little pronounced: her hazel eyes were intellectually bright, though cold: her hair, the least marked feature, was of a common brown colour, but she treated it so as to produce a distinctive effect: her mouth was fine, though her lips were rather thin: her figure was correct, though Venus herself would have preferred more of it, and, perhaps, that more flexible. But it is the commonplace girl, we know, who runs to plumpness.

She was dressed with greater care than usual this evening, because people were coming, but not to dinner. The only

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guests at dinner were to be one Mr. Jagenal, the well-known family solicitor, of Lincoln's Inn, and a certain far-off cousin, named Armored Rosevean, from the Scilly Isles, and her companion and chaperon, one Mrs. Jerome Elstree—unknown.

"My dear," her mother began, "you are too desponding. Mr. Jagenal assured your father"—She dropped her voice again.

"Oh! He is an old bachelor. What does he know? Our cousin comes from Scilly. So did we. It does very well to talk of coming from Scilly, as if it was something grand, but I have been looking into a book about it. Old families of Scilly, we say. Why, they have never been anything but farmers and smugglers. And our cousin, I hear, is actually a small tenant-farmer—a flower-farmer—a kind of market gardener! She grows daffodils and jonquils and anemones and snowdrops, and sells them. Very likely the daffodils on our table have come from her farm. Perhaps she will tell us about the price they fetch a dozen. And she will inform us at dinner how she counts the stalks and makes out the bills."

"Absurd! She is an heiress. Mr. Jagenal says—"

"An heiress? How can she be an heiress?" Philippa repeated, with scorn. "She inherits the lease of a little flower-farm. The people of Scilly are all quite, quite poor. My book says so. Some years ago the Scilly folk were nearly starving."

"Your book must be wrong, Philippa. Mr. Jagenal says that the girl has a respectable fortune. When a man of his experience says that, he means"—Here her voice dropped again.

"Well; the island heiress will go back, I dare say, to her inheritance."

At this point Mr. Jagenal himself was announced—elderly, precise, exact in appearance and in language.

"You have not yet seen your cousin?" he asked.

"No. She will be here immediately, I suppose."

"Your cousin came to our house five years ago. My late partner received her. She brought a letter from a clergyman then at the Scilly Islands. She was sixteen, quite ignorant of the world, and a really interesting girl. She had inherited a very handsome fortune. My late partner found her tutors and guardians, and she has been travelling and learning. Now she has come to London again. She chooses to be her own mistress, and has taken a flat. And I have found a companion for her—widow of an artist—our young friend Alec Feilding knew about her—name of Elstree. I think she will do very well."

"Alec knew her? He has never told me of any lady of that name," Philippa looked a little astonished.

Then the girl of whom they were talking, with the companion in question, appeared.

You know how one forms in the mind a whole image, or group of images, preparatory; and how these shadows are all

dispelled by the appearance of the reality. At the very first sight of Armored, Philippa's prejudices and expectations—the vision of the dowdy rustic, the half-bred island savage, the uncouth country maiden—all vanished into thin air. New prejudices might arise—it is a mistake to suppose that because old prejudices have been cleared away there can be no more—but, in this case, the old ones vanished. For while Armored walked across the room, and while Mrs. Rosevean stepped forward to welcome her, Philippa made the discovery that her cousin knew how to carry herself, how to walk, and how to dress. Girls who have learned these three essentials have generally learned how to talk as well. And a young lady of London understands at the first glance whether a strange young person, her sister in the bonds of humanity, is also a lady. As for the dress, it showed genius either on the part of Armored herself or of her advisers. There was genius in the devising and invention of it. But genius of this kind one can buy. There was the genius of audacity in the wearing of it, because it was a dress of the kind more generally worn by ladies of forty than of twenty-one. And it required a fine face and a good figure to carry it off. Ladies will quite understand when I explain that Armored wore a train and bodice of green brocaded velvet: the sleeves and the petticoat trimmed with lace. You may see a good deal of lace—of a sort—on many dresses; but Philippa recognised with astonishment that this was old lace, the finest lace in the world, of greater breadth than it is now made—lace that was priceless—lace that only a rich girl could wear. There were also pearls on the sleeves: she wore mousquetaire gloves—which proved many things: there were bracelets on her wrists, and round her neck she had a circlet of plain red gold—it was the torque found in the kistvaen on Samson, but this Philippa did not know. And she observed, taking in all these details in one comprehensive and catholic glance of mind and eye, that her cousin was a very beautiful girl indeed, with something Castilian in her face and appearance—dark and splendid. For a simple dinner she would have been overdressed; but considering the reception to come afterwards, she was fittingly arrayed. She was accompanied by her companion—Philippa might have remembered that one must be an heiress in order to afford the luxury of such a household official. Mrs. Jerome Elstree was almost young enough to want a chaperon for herself, being certainly a good deal under thirty. She was a graceful woman of fair complexion and blue eyes: if Armored had desired a contrast to herself she could not have chosen better. She wore a dress in the style which is called, I believe, second mourning. The dress suggested widowhood, but no longer in the first passionate agony—widowhood subdued and resigned.

The hostess rose from her chair and advanced a step to meet her guests. She touched the fingers of Mrs. Elstree. "Very pleased, indeed," she murmured, and turned to Armored.



"My dear cousin"—she seized both her hands, and looked at well as spoke most motherly. "My dear child, this is, indeed, a pleasure! And to think that we have known nothing about your very existence all the time! This is my daughter—my only daughter, Philippa." Then she subsided into her chair, leaving Philippa to do the rest. "We are cousins," said Philippa, kindly but with cold and curious eyes. "I hope we shall be friends." Then she turned to the companion. "Oh!" she cried, with a start of surprise. "It is Zoe!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Elstree, a quick smile on her lips. "Formerly it was Zoe. How do you do, Philippa?" Her voice was naturally soft and sweet, a caressing voice, a voice of velvet. She glanced at Philippa as she spoke, and her eyes flashed with a light which hardly corresponded with the voice. "I was wondering, as we came here, whether you would remember me. It is so long since we were at school together. How long, dear? Seven years? Eight years? You remember that summer at the seaside—where was it? One changes a good deal in seven years. Yet I thought, somehow, that you would remember me. You are looking very well, Philippa—still."

A doubtful compliment, but conveyed in the softest manner, which should have removed any possible doubt. Armorel looked on with some astonishment. On Philippa's face there had risen a flaming spot. Something was going on below the surface. But Philippa laughed.

"Of course, I remember you very well," she said. "But, dear Philippa," Mrs. Elstree went on, softly smiling and gently speaking, "I am no longer Zoe. I am Mrs. Jerome Elstree—I am La Veuve Elstree. I am Armorel's companion."

"I am sorry," Philippa replied coldly. Her eyes belied her words. She was not sorry. She did not care whether good or evil had happened to this woman. She was too good a Christian to desire the latter, and not good enough to wish the former. What she had really hoped—whenver she thought of Zoe—was that she might never, never meet her again. And here she was, a guest in her own home, and companion to her own cousin!

Then Mr. Rosevean appeared, and welcomed the new cousin cordially. He seemed a cheerful, good-tempered kind of man, was sixty years of age, bald on the forehead, and of aspect like the conventional Colonel of *Punch*—in fact, he had been in the Army, and served through the Crimean war, which was quite enough for honour. He passed his time laboriously considering his investments—for he had great possessions—and making small collections which never came to anything. He also wrote letters to the papers, but these seldom appeared.

Then they went in to dinner. The conversation naturally turned at first upon Scilly, their common starting-point, and the illustrious family of the Roseveans.

"As soon as I heard about you, my dear young lady, I set to work to discover our exact relationship. My grandfather, Sir Jacob—you have heard of Sir Jacob Rosevean, Knight of Hanover? Yes; naturally—he was born in the year 1760. He was the younger brother of Captain Emanuel Rosevean, your great-grandfather, I believe."

"All my grandfathers were named Emanuel except one, who was Methusalem."

"Quite so," Mr. Rosevean nodded his head in approbation. "The preservation of the same Christian name gives dignity to the family. Anthony goes with Ashley: Emanuel with Rosevean. The survival of the Scripture name shows how the Puritanic spirit lingers yet in the good old stocks." Philippa glanced at her mother, mindful of her own remarks on the old families of Scilly. "We come of a very fine old family, cousin Armorel. I hope you have been brought up in becoming pride of birth. It is a possession which the world cannot give and the world cannot take away. We are a race of Vikings—conquering Vikings. The last of them was, perhaps, my grandfather, Sir Jacob, unless any of the later Roseveans."

"I am afraid they can hardly be called Vikings," said Armorel, simply.

"Sir Jacob—my grandfather—was cast, my dear young friend, in the heroic mould—the heroic mould. Nothing short of that. For the services which he rendered to the State at the moment of Britannia's greatest peril, he should have been raised to the House of Lords. But it was a time of giants—and he had to be contented with the simple recognition of a knighthood."

"Jacob Rosevean"—who was it had told Armorel this—long before? And why did she now remember the words so clearly, "ran away and went to sea. He could read and write and cipher a little, and so they made him clerk to the purser. Then he rose to be purser himself, and when he had made some money he left the service and became Contractor to the Fleet, and supplied stores of all kinds during the long war, and at last he became so rich that they were obliged to make him a Knight."

"The simple recognition of a Knighthood," Mr. Rosevean went on. "This it is to live in an age of heroes."

Armorel waited for further details. Later on, perhaps, some of the heroic achievements of the great Sir Jacob would be related. Meantime, every hero must make a beginning: why should not Jacob Rosevean begin as purser's clerk? It was pleasing to the girl to observe how large and generous a view her cousins took of the family greatness—never before had she known to what an illustrious stock she belonged. The smuggling, the wrecking, the piloting, the farming—these were all forgotten. A whole race of heroic ancestors had taken the place of the plain Roseveans whom Armorel knew. Well: if by the third generation of wealth and position one cannot evolve so simple a thing as an ancient family, what is the use of history, genealogy, heraldry, and imagination? The Roseveans were Vikings: they were the terror of the French coast: they went a-crusading with short-legged Robert: they were rovers of the Spanish Main: the great King of Spain trembled when he heard their name: they were buccaneers. Portraits of some of these ancestors hung on the wall: Sir Jacob himself, of course, was there; and Sir Jacob's great-grandfather, a Cavalier; and his grandfather, an Elizabethan worthy. Presumably, these portraits came from Samson Island. But Armorel had never heard of any family portraits, and she had grown up in shameful ignorance of these heroes. There was a coat-of-arms, too, with which she was not acquainted. Yet there were circumstances connected with the grant of that shield by the Sovereign which were highly creditable to the family. Armorel listened and marvelled. But her host evidently believed it all: and, indeed, it was his father, not himself, who had imagined these historic splendours.

"It is pleasing," he said, "to revive these memories between members of different branches. You, however, are fresh from the ancestral scenes. You are the heiress of the ancient island home: yours is the Hall of the Vikings: to you have been entrusted the relics of the past. I look upon you and seem to see again the Rovers putting forth to drag down the Spanish pride. There are noble memories, Armorel—I must call you Armorel—associated with that isle of Samson, our ancient family domain. Let us never forget them."

The dinner came to an end at last, and the ladies went away.

Mrs. Elstree sat down in the most comfortable chair by the fire and was silent, leaning her face upon her hands and looking into the firelight. Mrs. Rosevean took a chair on the other side and fell asleep. Philippa and Armorel talked.

"I cannot understand," said Philippa, bluntly, "how such a girl as you could have come from Scilly. I have been reading a book about the place, and it says that the people are all poor, and that Samson, your island—our island—is quite a small place."

"I will tell you if you like," said Armorel, "as much about myself as you please to hear." The chief advantage of an autobiography—as you shall see, dear reader, if you will oblige me by reading mine, when it comes out—is the right of preserving silence upon certain points. Armorel, for example, said nothing at all about Roland Lee. Nor did she tell of the chagreen case with the rubies. But she did tell how she found the treasure of the sea-chest, and the cupboard, and how she took everything, except the punch-bowls and the silver ship and cups, to London, and how she gave them over to the lawyer to whom she had a letter. And she told how she was resolved to repair the deficiencies of her up-bringing, and how, for five long years, she had worked day and night.

"I think you are a very brave girl," said Philippa. "Most girls in your place would have been contented to sit down and enjoy their good fortune."

"I was so very ignorant when I began. And—and one or two things had happened which made me ashamed of my ignorance."

"Yet it was brave of you to work so hard."

"At first," said Armorel, "when this good fortune came to me I was afraid, thinking of the Parable of the Rich Man." Philippa started and looked astonished. In the circle of Dives this Parable is never mentioned. No one regardeth that Parable, which is generally believed to be a late interpolation. "But when I came to think, I understood that it might be the gift of the Five Talents—a sacred trust."

Philippa's eyes showed no comprehension of this language. Armorel, indeed, had learned long since that the Bryanite or Early Christian language is no longer used in society. But Philippa was her cousin. Perhaps, in the family, it would still pass current.

"I worked most at music. Shall I play to you?"

"Nothing, dear Philippa," said Zoe, half-turning round, "would please you so much as to hear Armorel play. You used to play a little yourself"—Philippa had been the pride and glory of the school for her playing—"A little!" Had she lost her memory?

"Will you play this evening?"

"I brought her violin in the carriage," said Zoe, softly. "I wanted to give you as many delightful surprises as possible, Philippa. To find your cousin so beautiful: to hear her play: and to receive me again! This will be, indeed, an evening to remember."

"I will play if you like," said Armorel, simply. "But perhaps you have made other arrangements."

"No—no—you can play? But of course, you have had good masters. You shall play instead of me."

Zoe murmured her satisfaction, and turned again her face to the fire.

"Tell me, Armorel," said Philippa, "all this about the Vikings—the Hall of the Vikings—the Rovers—and the rest of it. Was it familiar to you?"

"No; I have never heard of any Vikings or Rovers. And there is no Hall."

"We are, I suppose, really an old family of Scilly?"

"We have lived in the same place for I know not how many years. One of the outlying rocks of Scilly is called Rosevean. Oh! there is no doubt about our antiquity. About the Crusaders, and all the rest of it, I know nothing. Perhaps because there was nobody to tell me."

"I see," said Philippa, thoughtfully. "Well, it does no harm to believe these things. Perhaps some of them are true. Sir Jacob, certainly, cannot be denied; nor the Roseveans of Samson Island. My dear, I am very glad you came."

## PART II.—CHAPTER II.

### THE SONATA.

The room was full of people. It was the average sort of reception, where one always expects to meet men and women who have done something: men who write, paint, or compose; women who do the same, but not so well; women who play and sing; women who are aesthetic, and show their appreciation of art by wearing hideous dresses; women who recite: men and women who advocate all kinds of things—mostly cranks and cracks. There are, besides, the people who know the people who do things: and these, who are a talkative and appreciative folk, carry on the conversation. Thirdly, there are the people who do nothing, and know nobody, who go away and talk casually of having met this or that great man last night.

"Armorel," said Philippa, "let me introduce Dr. Bovey-Tracy. Perhaps you already know his works."

"Unfortunately—not yet," Armorel replied.

The Doctor was quite a young man, not more than two- or three-and-twenty. His degree was German, and his appearance, with long light hair and spectacles, was studiously German. If he could have Germanised his name as well as his appearance he would certainly have done so. As a pianist, a teacher of music, and a composer, the young Doctor is already beginning to be known. When Armorel confessed her ignorance, he gently spread his hands and smiled pity. "If you will really play, Armorel, Dr. Bovey-Tracy will kindly accompany you."

Armorel took her violin out of the case and began to tune it.

"What will you play?" asked the musician: "something serious? So?"

Armorel turned over a pile of music and selected a piece. It was the sonata by Schumann in D minor for violin and pianoforte. "Shall we play this?"

Philippa looked a little surprised. The choice was daring. The Herr Doctor smiled graciously: "This is, indeed, serious," he said.

I suppose that to begin your musical training with the performance of heys and hornpipes and country dances is not the modern scientific method. But he who learns to fiddle for sailors to dance may acquire a mastery over the instrument which the modern scientific method teaches much more slowly. Armorel began her musical training with a fiddle as obedient to her as the Slave of the Lamp to his master. And for five years she had been under masters playing every day, until—

The pianist sat down, held his outstretched fingers professionally over the keys, and struck a chord. Armorel raised her bow, and the sonata began.

I am told that there is now quite a fair percentage of educated people who really do understand music, can tell good playing from bad, and fine playing from its counterfeit. In the same way, there is a percentage—but not nearly so large—of people who know a good picture when they see it, and can appreciate correct drawing if they cannot under-

stand fine colour. Out of the sixty or seventy people who filled this room, there were certainly twenty—but then it was an exceptionally good collection—who understood that a violinist born and trained was playing to them, in a style not often found outside St. James's Hall. And they marvelled while the music delivered its message—which is different for every soul. They sat or stood in silence, spell-bound. Of the remaining fifty, thirty understood that a piece of classical music was going on: it had no voice or message for them: they did not comprehend one single phrase—the sonata might have been a sermon in the Bulgarian tongue: but they knew how to behave in the presence of Music, and they governed themselves accordingly. The Remnant—twenty in number—containing all the young men and most of the girls, understood that here was a really beautiful girl playing the fiddle for them. The young men murmured their admiration, and the girls whispered envious things—not necessarily spiteful, but certainly envious. What girl could resist envy at sight of that dress, with its lace, and that command of the violin, and—which every girl concedes last of all, and grudgingly—that face and figure?

Philippa stood beside the piano, rather pale. She knew, now, why her old schoolfellow had been so anxious that Armorel should play. Kind and thoughtful Zoe!

The playing of the first movement surprised her. Here was one who had, indeed, mastered her instrument. At the playing of the second, which is a scherzo, bright and lively, she acknowledged her mistress—not her rival. At the playing of the third, which contains a lovely, simple, innocent, and happy tune, her heart melted—never, never, could she so pour into her playing the soul of that melody: never could she so rise to the spirit of the musician and put into the music what even he himself had not imagined. But Zoe was wrong. Her soul was not filled with envy. Philippa had a larger soul.

It was finished. The twenty who understood gasped. The thirty who listened murmured thanks, and resumed their talk about something else. The twenty who neither listened nor understood went on talking without any comment at all.

"You have had excellent masters," said the Doctor. "You play very well indeed—not like an amateur. It is a pity that you cannot play in public."

"You have made good use of your opportunities," said Philippa. "I have never heard an amateur play better. I play a little myself; but—"

"I said you would be pleased," Zoe murmured softly at her side. "I knew you would be pleased when you heard Armorel play."

"You will play yourself, presently?" said the Herr Doctor. "No; not this evening," Philippa replied. "Impossible—after Armorel."

"Not this evening!" echoed Zoe, sweetly.

Then there came walking tall and erect through the crowd, which respectfully parted right and left to let him pass, a young man of striking and even distinguished appearance.

"Philippa," he said, "will you introduce me to your cousin?"

"Armorel, this is another cousin of mine—unfortunately not of yours—Mr. Alec Feilding."

"I am very unfortunate, Miss Rosevean. I came too late to hear more than the end of the sonata. Normann-Néruda herself could not interpret that music better." Then he saw Zoe, and greeted her as an old friend. "Mrs. Elstree and I," he said, "have known each other a long time."

"Fifty years, at least," Zoe murmured. "Is it not so long, Philippa?"

"Will you play something else?" he asked. "The people are dying to hear you again."

Armorel looked at Philippa. "If you will," she said kindly. "If you are not tired. Play us, this time, something lighter. We cannot all appreciate Schumann."

"Shall I give you a memory of Scilly?" she replied. "That will be light enough."

She played, in fact, that old ditty—one of those which she had been wont to play for the Ancient Lady—called "Prince Rupert's March." She played this with variations which that gallant Cavalier had never heard. It is a fine air, however, and lends itself to the phantasy of a musician. Then those who had understood the sonata laughed with condescension, as a philosopher laughs when he hears a simple story; and those who had pretended to understand pricked up their ears, thinking that this was another piece of classical music, and joyfully perceiving that they would understand it; and those who had made no pretence now listened with open mouths and ears as upright as those of any wild-ass of the desert. Music worth hearing, this. Armorel played for five or six minutes. Then she stopped and laid down her violin.

"I think I have played enough for one evening," she said.

She left the piano and retired into the throng. A girl took her place. The Herr Doctor placed another piece of music before him, lifted his hands, held them suspended for a moment, and then struck a chord. This girl began to sing.

Mr. Alec Feilding followed Armorel and led her to a seat at the end of the room. Then he sat down beside her and, as soon as the song was finished, began to talk.

He began by talking about music, and the Masters in music. His talk was authoritative: he laid down opinions: he talked as if he was writing a book of instruction: and he talked as if the whole wide world was listening to him. But not quite so loudly as if that had been really the case.

He was a man of thirty or so, his features were perfectly regular, but his expression was rather wooden. His eyes were good, but rather too close together. His mouth was hidden by a huge moustache, curled and twisted and pointed forwards.

Armorel disliked his manner, and for some reason or other distrusted his face.

He left off laying down the law on music, and began to talk about things personal.

"I hope you like your new companion," he said. "She is an old friend of mine. I was in hopes of being able to advance her husband in his profession. But he died before I got the chance. Mr. Jagenal told me what was wanted, and I was happy in recommending Zoe—Mrs. Elstree."

"Thank you," said Armorel, coldly. "I dare say we shall get to like each other in time."

"If so, I shall rejoice in having been of some service to you as well as to her. What is her day at home?"

"I believe we are to be at home on Wednesdays." "As for me," he said lightly, "I am always at home in my studio. I am a triple slave—Miss Rosevean—as you may have heard. I am a slave of the brush, the pen, and the wastepaper-basket. If you will come with Mrs. Elstree to my studio I can show you one or two things that you might like to see."

"Thank you," she replied, without apparent interest in his studio. The young man was not accustomed to girls who showed no interest in him, and retired, chilled. Presently she heard his voice again. This time he was talking with Philippa. They were talking low in the doorway beside her, but she could not choose but hear.

"You recommended her—you?" said Philippa.

"Why not?"



"Do you know how—where—she has been living for the last seven years?"

"Certainly. She married an American. He died a year ago, leaving her rather badly off. Is there any reason, Philippa, why I should not recommend her? If there is I will speak to Mr. Jagenal."

"No—no—no. There is no reason that I know of. Some body told me she had gone on the stage. Who was it?"

"Gone on the stage? No—no: she was married to this American."

"You have never spoken to me about her."

"Reason enough, fair cousin. You do not like her."

"And—you—do," she replied slowly.

"I like all pretty women, Philippa. I respect one only."

Then other people came and were introduced to Armored. One does not leave in cold neglect a girl who is so beautiful and plays so wonderfully. None of them interested Armored very much. At the beginning, when a girl first goes into society, she expects to be interested and excited at a general gathering. This expectation disappears, and the current coin of everybody's talk takes the place of interest.

Suddenly she caught a face which she knew. When a girl has been travelling about for five years she sees a great many faces. This was a face which she remembered perfectly well, yet could not at first place it in any scene or assign it to any date. Then she recollected. And she walked boldly across the room and stood before the owner of that face.

"You have forgotten me," she said abruptly.

"I—I—can I ever have known you?" he asked.

"Will you shake hands, Mr. Stephenson? You were Dick Stephenson five years ago. Have you forgotten Armored, of Samson Island in Seilly?"

No. He had not forgotten that young lady. But he would never have known her thus changed—thus dressed.

"Where is your friend Roland Lee?"

Dick Stephenson changed colour. "I have not seen him for a long time. We are no longer—exactly—friends."

"Why not?" she asked, with severity. "Have you done anything bad? How have you offended him?"

"No, no; certainly not." He coloured more deeply. "I have done nothing bad at all," he added with much indignation.

"Have you deserted him, then? I thought men never gave up their friends. Come to see me, Mr. Stephenson. You shall tell me where he is and what he is doing."

In the press of the crowd, as they were going away, she heard Mr. Jagenal's voice.

"You are burning the candle at both ends, Alec," he was saying. "You cannot possibly go on painting, writing, editing your paper, riding in the Park, and going out every evening as you do now. No man's constitution can stand it, young gentleman. Curb your activity. Be wise in time."

(To be continued.)

#### ART MAGAZINES.

The *Magazine of Art* for March opens with a paper on the collection of pictures by old masters and deceased British artists, now exhibited at Burlington House. Mr. Lewis F. Day continues his series of lessons in ornament, the vine and its modifications being his subject this month. Miss Mabel Robinson gives an account of Pope Leo X. as an art-patron, and Mr. Edward F. Brewnall his impressions of winter in the country. Another very interesting paper is Mr. W. Cosmo Monkhouse's article on M. Solon, the French decorative artist, illustrated with many of his beautiful designs for pottery.

Lady Colin Campbell contributes to the current number of the *Art Journal* a paper entitled "Artists' Studies," illustrated by reproductions of the sketches and studies for well-known pictures by L. Alma Tadema, R.A., Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., and several others. Mr. W. J. Loftie continues his descriptive and historical sketches of English Royal Palaces, Eltham and Greenwich being his subject this month; and Mr. Whitworth Wallis's account of "Two Sicilian Cities"—namely, Girgenti and Syracuse—will be most interesting to antiquaries.

We have received another monthly part of Mr. S. Byng's *Artistic Japan*, and are glad to find that it still maintains the very high standard of excellence with which it started.

Another valuable art-publication is brought out in monthly parts in Germany, and is published in London by Messrs. H. Grevel and Co., of 33, King-street, Covent-garden, entitled the *Classical Picture Gallery*, each number containing twelve excellent reproductions of the best pictures by old masters in European galleries.

Mr. Walery, of Regent-street, continues his series of *Our Celebrities*, and has recently brought out in that publication fine photographs of Mr. Baron Huddleston, Mrs. Bernard-Beere, Sir Edward Birkbeck, Madame Patti, the Marchioness of Stafford, Sir Robert Morier, and others.

Those interested in Church matters will appreciate a similar "monthly," containing photographs by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 230, Regent-street, of *Dignitaries of the Church*. We may mention as good examples of Mr. Walker's skill the portraits of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Dean of Windsor.

We have received from Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. another number of *Sun Artists*, containing some charming photographs by Mr. H. P. Robinson. Also, from Messrs. Hazell, Watson, and Viney, another photographic publication, the *Amateur Photographer*.

A morning concert, under Royal and distinguished patronage, was held at St. James's Hall, on March 13, in aid of the much-needed homes and shelters, and the other important work, of the Women's Union, in connection with the Church of England Temperance Society. Miss Eleanor Rees, Miss Marguerite Hall, Mr. Richard Gompertz, Signor Randegger, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree were among those who kindly offered their services.

More than 200 friends of the Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphanage assembled on March 6 in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole on the occasion of the 132nd anniversary festival of these admirable institutions. The Lord Mayor, who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, presided, and proposed the toast of the evening. A pleasant feature of the evening was the capital musical programme contributed by the boys and girls of the school and orphanage. The subscriptions amounted to £1600.

Messrs. Pratt, of Tavistock-street, have executed a beautiful brass tablet, which is about to be placed in the church of the Holy Trinity at Gibraltar, in memory of the late Mr. Solly-Flood of Slaney Lodge, county Wexford, who died at Gibraltar May 13, 1888. Mr. Solly-Flood, who was head of the Irish family of Flood, accepted the post of Attorney-General for Gibraltar in the year 1866, and for eleven years discharged the duties of that appointment. The family of Flood is famous in Irish history. Two of its most distinguished members were his grandfather, Sir Frederick Flood, and the great statesman and orator Henry Flood.

#### THE BRITISH NAVY AT ZANZIBAR AND MOZAMBIQUE.

During the recent dispute with Portugal concerning the territorial dominion on the Zambesi and Shiré Rivers, a combined British naval squadron, formed at Zanzibar, of her Majesty's ships belonging to the East India, Cape of Good Hope, and West Coast of Africa stations, with H.M.S. Calliope and H.M.S. Satellite, on their way home, and H.M.S. Conquest, detached from the China station, was sent on special service to cruise in the Mozambique Channel, under command of Rear-Admiral Sir E. Fremantle, who hoisted his flag on board H.M.S. Boudicca. Rear-Admiral R. Wells, on board H.M.S. Raleigh, was second in command. There was, happily, no occasion for any hostile operations.

Zanzibar being the rendezvous of the fleet, a regatta was held for the amusement of the officers and crews. The first day was devoted to sailing matches, beginning with a race for the pinnaces of the ships, which was won by that of H.M.S. Raleigh, taking the first prize. The sailing race for galleys followed, and the first prize was won by the Satellite's galley. They had to sail round H.M.S. Brisk, moored in the roadstead. In the rowing matches, next day, the prize for twelve-oar cutters was won by the crew of H.M.S. Satellite. The crew of H.M.S. Calliope won several races; and that ship displayed her Australian motto, with due colonial pride, in escorting one of her victorious boats.

#### THE "SIR PAUL PINDAR."

One by one the landmarks of old London are fast disappearing, by the advance of street and building improvements. Our Illustration shows one of the two most interesting old houses in Bishopsgate-street. Originally it was the residence of Sir Paul Pindar, who was a celebrated parishioner of St. Botolph's, and was for nine years Ambassador to Constantinople. He enriched the parish endowments greatly, and also gave £10,000 to the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral. He made a computation of his fortune some time before his death, and found he was worth £236,000, a large sum in those days. The King did not hesitate to borrow from him. Of course, the



AN OLD HOUSE IN THE CITY: THE SIR PAUL PINDAR, BISHOPSGATE.

portion of the house remaining, and now in use as a tavern, is only a small part of the large mansion once standing there. The ceiling in the club-room, on the first floor, is magnificent with its floriated strap panels and quaint pendentives; in fact, it is one of the finest examples in London. The beautiful enriched plaster panels are well worth notice, also the carved trusses supporting the gables. This fine old house was commenced in the closing years of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and is now to be pulled down, to make way for the Great Eastern Railway's extension of their Liverpool-street terminus.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of General Sir Daniel Lysons to be Constable of the Tower of London, in the place of the late Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala.

The Society of Typists will meet at Exeter Hall on March 17, at 6.30 p.m., for the purpose of holding an examination of type-writer operators. The certificates will be granted in three degrees—pass, good, and excellent. Neatness and accuracy will be considered rather than mere speed. The hon. sec. of the Typists' Society's address is 18, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

Now Publishing.

### A SPECIAL NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FULL OF PICTURES OF STANLEY'S EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF EMIN PASHA

Engraved from Sketches supplied by Officers of the Expedition.

WITH THIS NUMBER ARE PRESENTED  
TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS:  
A LARGE TINTED PORTRAIT OF MR. H. M. STANLEY  
AND A  
DOUBLE-PAGE PICTURE OF THE MEETING OF MR. STANLEY & EMIN PASHA.  
PRICE ONE SHILLING; Inland Postage, One Half-penny.

#### MR. THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

The celebrated American electrician and inventor, whose Portrait is given as an Extra Supplement this week, is certainly one of the "Men of the Day." He was born at Milan, Erie County, in the State of Ohio, on Feb. 11, 1847, of a comparatively humble parentage. His father was of Dutch and his mother of Scottish descent. From the latter he received the chief part of his education, besides inspiring him with a devouring thirst for knowledge, which he has, all his life, been seeking to satisfy by omnivorous reading and experimental inquiry. At ten years of age he had read, not carelessly, but with an absorbing interest and evident profit, such works as the "Penny Cyclopædia," Hume's "History of England," D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and Sears's "History of the World." While these were his light literature, chemical and scientific works, as fast as he could get through them, were his congenial aliment. This is evident from the fact that when, two years afterwards, he obtained access to the public library at Detroit, he actually set about reading the whole library, shelf by shelf, reading such abstruse works as Newton's "Principia"—a book which Voltaire failed to master, although he had spent two years in the preliminary study of mathematics, and with which Goethe had hardly a more successful tilt. But the book of books of which Edison delights to talk is Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." This will sufficiently indicate the natural leanings of his mental character.

It would not be supposed that a child, passionately devoted to the study of such literature as we have mentioned, would ever occupy so humble a position as that of a "train-boy"; but such was the case. The mind that was always inventing, and peering into the unknown, would not be satisfied with the ordinary methods of business, but must needs adopt some expedient to increase their range. This was done by feigning a telegraph operator to telegraph in advance the headlines of the papers which were displayed in bulletin form at the various stations. These bulletins would detain all transient customers until the train came, when his whole stock would be sold, because of the stimulus he had given to the public appetite. This circumstance may be said to be the real starting-point in Edison's life, and gives evidence of his appreciation of the importance of electricity and the telegraph. An accident in the luggage car in which he had arranged a small laboratory terminated his career as a train-boy, and falling on his feet again he had the good fortune to rescue, at the peril of his own life, the child of the station agent at Mount Clemens, near Port Huron, from being run over by the train. This heroic action excited the warm gratitude of the father of the boy, and, learning the deep interest Edison took in everything relating to telegraphy, the agent, Mr. J. A. Mackenzie, volunteered to teach him the practical art of operating. In five months Edison was an expert operator; but his "notions" were always unwelcome to the authorities, and so he became a wanderer, gaining concerning men and things an experience which has been of the greatest service to him in after-life. It was in the twenty-first year of his age that he reached New York, and by a fortunate accident stepped into the office of the Laws Gold Reporting Telegraph Company, then engaged in reporting the quotations of gold. The instrument would not "report," and Mr. Laws could not make it do so, but the deft fingers of a natural bone-setter soon clicked the bones into their sockets, and in an instant the machine was at work. Edison improved this machine off the market, and a permanent arrangement was made by which he was brought into the joint employment of the Gold and Stock Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company at a handsome salary. Men, money, and appliances were placed at his disposal, and soon came the duplex and quadruplex telegraph, by which two or four distinct messages respectively may pass simultaneously over a single wire, thus adding the equivalent of 50,000 miles of wire to the capacity of the Western Union Company, and cheapening by one half, at least, the transmission of telegrams the world over. Then came the invention of the carbon telephone transmitter (or, as it has been aptly called, the "telephone practical"), the electric incandescent light, the subdivision of the electric current, and the construction of dynamos for generating the current, the ore-milling process, besides hundreds of other devices, all of them of sufficient merit to make famous their author. But it is, perhaps, more to the phonograph than anything else that Edison owes his wide popularity, inasmuch as the dream of philosophers of all ages—and who does not remember Byron's remark when looking at the portrait of his mother, "Only the voice is wanting"?—was accomplished, the recording and reproduction in a simple way of human speech. Certainly Edison dropped his phonograph to proceed with the electric light and other important inventions more appropriate to the immediate requirements of the time, but he said, "The phonograph is my baby, and it is going to support me in my old age." Two years ago he reverted to his phonograph, and to-day it is the simplest and yet the most wonderful creation of the human mind that has ever been seen. Large works employing hundreds of men have been erected to make phonographs, and thousands of them are in use in America, and, now that the machine's probation is over, we shall have them here to lighten the labour of humanity and bear testimony to the invincible energy and fertility of resource of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Edison has been twice married, and has four children. He resides at Orange, a pretty suburban town near New York, where he has a private laboratory, covering a large acreage, employing two or three hundred men, and containing machinery that will make "a chronometer or a Cunard steamer." He is immensely wealthy, but regards wealth only as a means by which he will be enabled to look into the inscrutable forces of Nature and make them tributary to human weal. Edison's character may be summed up in a few words—a happy blending of the "joy of life" and the Napoleonic capacity for work and self-concentration. When asked how it was he had been so successful, he replied: "Genius is an exhaustless capacity for work in detail, which, combined with grit and gumption and love of right, ensures to every man success and happiness in this world and the next."

A Captain's good-service pension of £150 a year has been awarded to Captain Uvedale C. Singleton, in the vacancy created by the retirement of Captain Francis R. Blackburne.

Mr. M. C. Buszard, Q.C., the leader of the Midland Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of Derby, in the place of Mr. Justice Lawrence; and Mr. Edward P. Monckton of Fineshade Abbey has been appointed Recorder of Northampton.

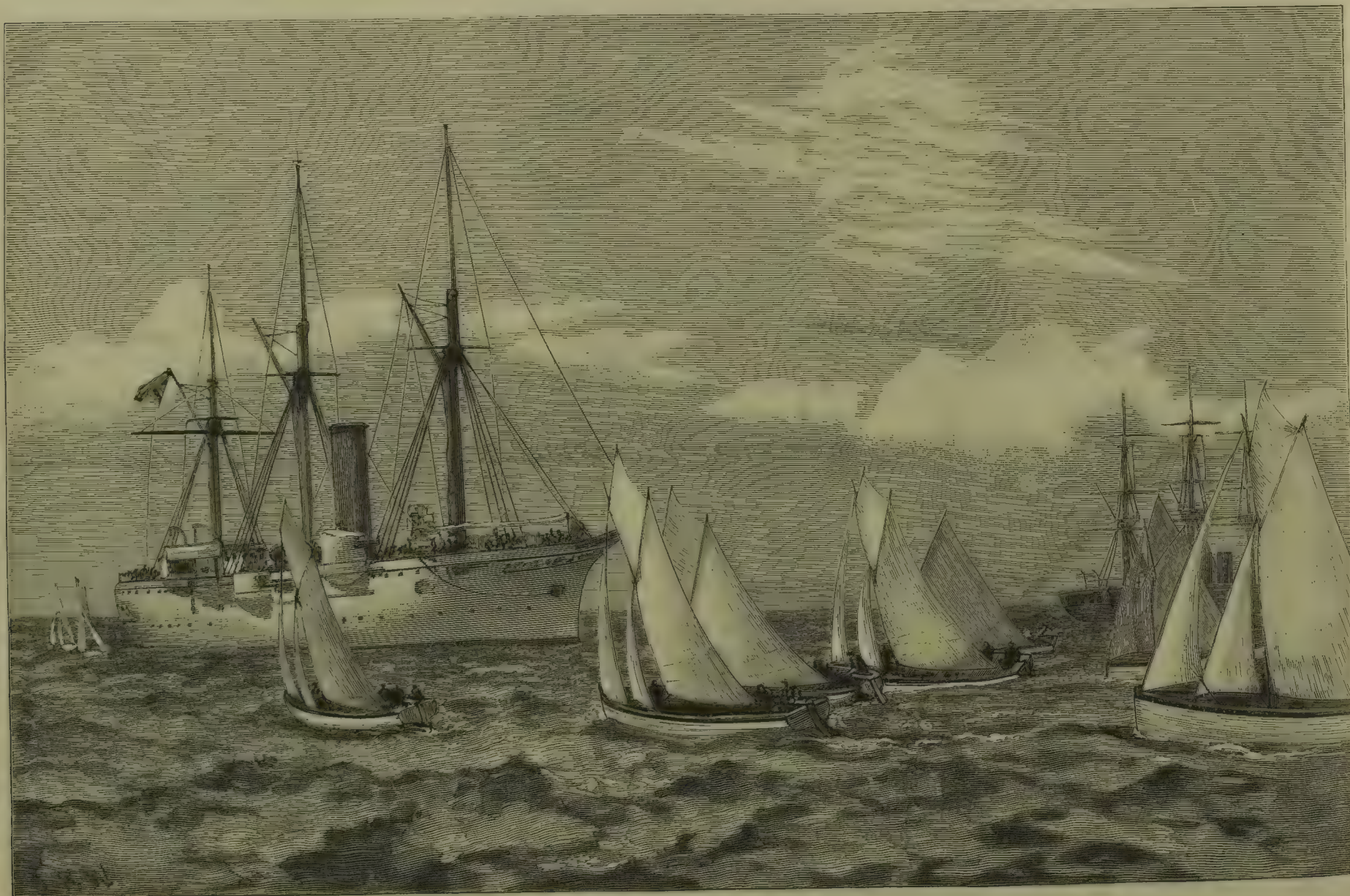
Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg, will open a sale of work in Kensington Townhall on March 18, in aid of the institutions and charities in the Metropolis connected with the unendowed French Reformed Evangelical Church in Bayswater, under the pastorate of the Rev. J. M. H. Du Pontet de la Harpe, B.D. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Frederica, Baroness von Pawell-Rammingen, and Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, have also consented to be patronesses of the sale.





Curaçoa. Turquoise. Brisk. Algerine. Raleigh. Calliope. Boadicea. Reindeer. Satellite. Kingfisher.

THE BRITISH SQUADRON CRUISING IN MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL UNDER REAR-ADMIRAL SIR E. R. FREMANTLE.



REGATTA AT ZANZIBAR.—SAILING PINNACE RACE: ROUNDING H.M.S. BRISK.





THE SAVAGES FEEL OUR MUSCLE.



HALT ON THE ROAD.



## SKETCHES IN FORMOSA.

Two more of the Sketches by Mr. E. Hornby Grimani, who resided some months at Takow, in the south-west of the island of Formosa, appear in this week's publication. They belong to the incidents of his journey, with two companions, riding ponies, to the hill country above Bankimsing, where he met some of the savage race of mountaineers. These wild folk, animated by no hostile intention, but rather by childish curiosity, entered the house of the old Spanish missionary priest, where the English visitors were hospitably entertained, and made a thorough inspection of their clothes and of their persons. The natives of the plain, called Pepuhans, are a comparatively civilised people, who have adopted Chinese manners and customs; and the travellers were able to procure refreshments in the villages on the road.

## DARWIN'S JOURNAL OF THE VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE.

A new edition of this book, in which, more than half a century ago, the great naturalist of our times described his observations during nearly five years, beginning with 1832, in a voyage round the globe specially designed for the survey of Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, the western shores of South America, and some islands of the Pacific, has been published by Mr. John Murray, with numerous illustrations. These engravings, drawn by Mr. R. T. Pritchett, who has visited most of the places delineated, and whose name is well known in connection with the voyages of the Sunbeam and the Wanderer, are of good artistic quality, and are truthful representations of the scenes and figures that they put before the reader. Mr. Darwin was, from his youth, so accurate and precise an observer of nature, and reported so perfectly all that he saw, as to give a permanent value to every description he wrote; and the changes which have since occurred in most of the lands touched by H.M.S. Beagle are rather of their social, colonial, and commercial conditions than such as could supersede the matters of which he wrote. Moreover, the ascendancy which his philosophical ideas have gained over all intelligent minds in this age, with the universal recognition of his eminent genius and character, has given an abiding interest also to the earlier part of his scientific work, for in no case have vast intellectual labours, continued through a long life, been more consistently applied to subjects belonging to consecutive or convergent trains of inquiring thought. This book is still needful, therefore, to a comprehension of Darwin's entire process of investigation and the foundation of his doctrines, as well as to a biographical study of his career.

It will be remembered by many readers that when the Beagle, a ten-gun brig, employed in the Admiralty surveying service, commanded by Captain Fitzroy, R.N., sailed at the end of December 1831, Mr. Darwin, then fresh from the University of Cambridge, went as an unpaid volunteer officer of the expedition to do the work of naturalist, an appointment for which he was recommended by Professor Henslow. In perusing his narrative at the present day, we are struck by the extremely different general notions and impressions of travellers at that time viewing the shores of such countries as Australia and New Zealand, which have since become intimately familiar to us by their colonisation and settlement. Mr. Darwin and his companions thought New Zealand a very unattractive and unpleasant country, and could not see how Australia was to become a great country. There was a not distant limit, he supposed, to the occupation of tending and shearing sheep for the export of wool, and the only other valuable product was whale-oil. New South Wales was then an unhappy abode of convicts, and the other Australian colonies did not exist, while in New Zealand there were only a few missionaries and depraved whalers: he would not advise English families to emigrate to any of those lands. But he admired the grand inland cliffs of the Blue Mountains, between Sydney and Bathurst, and he saw that curious animal, the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, which is now almost extinct. At Buenos Ayres, at Valparaiso, and in the capitals of other South American States, there was little promise of the wealth and power they have since attained. The evils of slavery attracted much of his attention in Brazil, while the Spanish Republics were convulsed by chronic civil wars. Darwin, nevertheless, obtained much enjoyment and instruction from the marvels of nature in the tropical forests of the vast Brazilian territories, and from excursions up the valleys of the western slope of the Andes. Other zoologists and botanists have been enabled, however, to spend a great deal more time in those explorations, for he was bound to return to his ship.

The parts where his observations still retain most of their original scientific value, as records serviceable to natural history, including geology as well as the processes and forms of organic life, both vegetable and animal, lie along the southern coasts, in Patagonia, the Straits of Magellan, Tierra del Fuego, and the archipelago that extends northward to the island of Chiloe; again, in the remote Galapagos Islands, situated far out in the Pacific Ocean. Much of what he stated concerning the physical features, and the plants and birds and insects, of those shores has not been superseded by later competent examination. He was, of course, pretty sure to be correct, and little can have been changed in the aspects of nature in those lonely regions. It would be too long a task for us to recapitulate the results of Darwin's investigations, which have for many years past been fitted into their right place among the stores of classified materials of science. The reader who loves this kind of knowledge will find pleasure in following so great an observer and student of nature in his original notices of an immense variety of suggestive facts, and may perceive, in some of his remarks upon them, germs of the philosophical conjectures, the speculations on causes, means, and processes of organic development, that he subsequently brought into view. Much help in the comparison of allied or kindred forms is supplied by the finely drawn engravings in this edition of the book. The twentieth chapter, on the formation of coral reefs, atolls or lagoon islands, and barrier-reefs in the Indian Ocean, has of late years been made a topic of controversial criticism. But it ought to have been remembered that Darwin's theory, which was merely tentative and conjectural, was entertained many years before the deep-sea soundings had revealed quite a world of new exploration at the bottom of the ocean; and he had not the opportunity of rectifying hereby any opinion that seemed plausible in this special domain of inquiry when his views were published to the world.

According to the Board of Trade returns for February, the imports showed a decrease of £1,321,254 as compared with the corresponding month last year, and the exports an increase of £2,413,876.

Mr. John Morley, M.P., has been elected a member of the Reform Club, under the provisions of Rule IV., which empowers the committee to elect each year as members two gentlemen of distinguished eminence for public service or in science, literature, or arts.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

P.N.G. (Hollywood).—(1) Your solution of No. 2385 is right, and duly acknowledged below. (2) Your problem can be solved in two moves by 1. Kt to K 5th, and it can also be solved in three by 1. Kt to Q 4th. (3) Mortimer's "Chessplayers' Pocket-Book" price 1s.

A. Goddard (Cottenham).—Your opinion is not that of competent authorities. The problem that was "so easy" was not solved by moving the Queen.

MAX FRICKEL (Vienna).—Problems received with thanks, and shall have early consideration.

J. DAILY (Madras).—We are sorry all your solutions are wrong, and we have not space to point out the defects in detail. In No. 2380, P takes P is the defence you have overlooked. In regard to the other matters, the necessary limits of this column prevent any fuller particulars than those given.

DOX.—If Black play 10. Q to B 3rd, 11. Q to Q 5th (ch) is the reply, and Black will be lucky if he can escape.

G. C. HRYWOOD.—Very acceptable. Much obliged for slips of your capital column.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2387 received from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Mysore Province); of No. 2388 from F. A. Hill (St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.) and Dr. A. R. V. Sastry; of No. 2389 from F. A. Hill and F. Shorter (Natal); of No. 2391 from Rev. John Willis (Barnstable, Mass., U.S.A.); of No. 2392 from B. D. Knox, Joseph T. Pullen (Lancaster), Captain J. A. Challice, R.N., and H. M.; of No. 2393 from C. M. (U.S.), W. R. Hamilton (Olney), James Clark (Chester), and A. Gwinner (Seaford); of No. 2394 from F. Bull (Colchester), Rev. Winfield Cooper, & Kiddy, Col. Sergeant Mahoney, H. E. (Birkenhead), Joseph T. Pullen, Nina (Bidsbury), Dr. Walz (Heidelberg), and W. Vincent.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2395 received from Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. G. Tucker (Bristol), F. Bull, M. Mullendorff (Luxembourg), A. H. Wadden, Julia Short (Exeter), W. E. Gower, D. McCoy (Galway), T. Roberts, Misch-Nish, E. A. Graves (Taunton), Junior Junior, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Dawn, J. Coad, N. Harris, W. R. B. Captain J. A. Challice, R.N., Thomas Clow, Martin F. Horward, A. Newman, T. N. Smatlewe, B. D. Knox, R. F. N. Banks, G. J. Yeale, E. Louden, F. Bell, W. P. Hind (Scarborough), Fr. Fernando (Dublin), W. R. Kaillem, R. Worters (Canterbury), J. C. Ireland, Rev. R. B. Little (Standon), Spec, Columbus, F. G. Washington (Sedgely), E. E. H. Mrs. Kelly of Kelly, W. Scott MacDonald, R. T. Maffs (Leatherhead), W. David (Cardiff), Shadforth, H. Beummann (Berlin), James Leith, Dr. Walz (Heidelberg), Beatrice Hugeland (Forest Hill, H. S. D. Fairholme), A. Goddard, A. Gwinner, Dr. F. St. W. Best, E. J. Hardwick (Sutton), A. W. Hamilton Gell, Howard A. C. E. Pernigini, R. H. Brooks, G. Wilson, F. Percival, F. G. Rowland (Shrewsbury), Col. Sergeant Mahoney, Joseph T. Pullen, G. Meursius (Brussels), F. N. G., and C. Finney Barr.

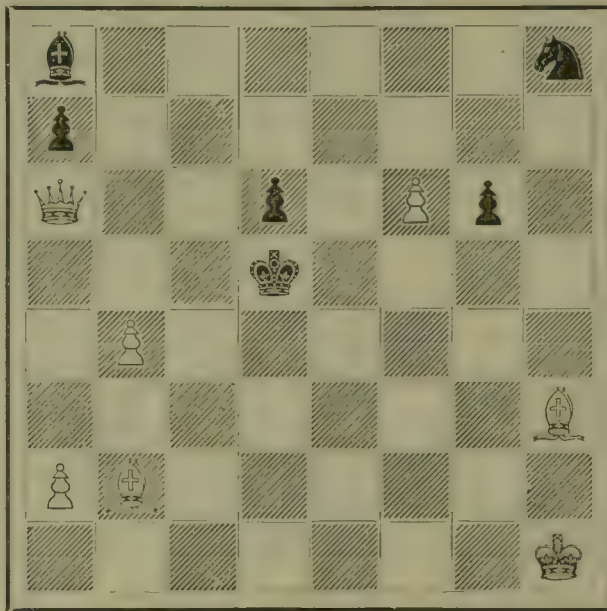
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2393.—By W. GLEAVE.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to R sq. Any move  
2. Mates accordingly.

## PROBLEM No. 2397.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN HAVANA.

Consultation game played between Messrs. GUNSBURG and OSTOLAZA on the one side and Messrs. MACKENZIE and CONILL on the other.

(Hampel Allgater Gambit.)

WHITE (G. and O.)	BLACK (M. and C.)	WHITE (G. and O.)	BLACK (M. and C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. K to R 3rd	R takes P
2. Q to Kt B 3rd	Q to Kt B 3rd	21. K takes Q	B takes Kt
3. P to K B 4th	P takes P	22. P takes B	B to K 5th (ch)
4. K to Kt B 3rd	P to Kt 4th	23. K to Kt sq	P to R 5th
5. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	24. B to B 2nd	
6. Kt to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd		
7. Kt takes B P	K takes Kt		
8. P to Q 4th	P to B 6th		
9. B to B 4th (ch)	P to Q 4th		
10. B takes P (ch)	K to K sq		
11. P takes P	B to K 2nd		
12. Castles			
13. P to B 4th	P to Kt 6th		
14. P to K 5th	P to K R 4th		
15. B to K 3rd	B to K B 4th		
16. Q to B 3rd	B to Q Kt 5th		
17. B takes Q Kt (ch)	P takes B		
18. Q takes P (ch)	K to B 2nd		
19. Q to Q 5th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd		
20. Q to R sq			

Very hazardous. We should have preferred B to K 3rd, and, if B takes P (ch), K to Q 2nd, &c.

This seems premature. It only confines the K Kt by letting the Q B into active play.

White struggles hard with his pawns; but the opposing forces are too heavy. Black has played an admirable game.

There is nothing else, as mate is

At the annual meeting of the United States Chess Association, Mr. Showalter, of Kentucky, gained the first prize; Mr. W. H. K. Pollock, late of London, the second; and Mr. Lipschutz, of New York, the third. The first prize carries with it the title of champion of the United States.

The death is announced of Mr. James Smith, of Spennymoor, the champion draught-player, at the early age of thirty. While quite young he showed great ability in the game, and before he was out of his teens was recognised as one of the best exponents of the game in the country.

The following beautiful problem, by F. V. Gayerstam, gained the prize recently offered by the *Gazette Litteraria*:—  
White: K at R 2nd, Q at K Kt 2nd, B's at K B 3rd and K 5th; P's at K Kt 5th, K Kt 6th, and Q 2nd.  
Black: K at K B 4th, P at Q 6th. White to play, and mate in three moves.

In the City of London Club, the last stage of "the biggest chess tournament in the world" is making good progress. The twelve survivors of this gigantic contest are now playing off, to determine in what order the twelve prizes which they have won shall be divided. The leaders in this closing struggle are: Mr. E. Eckenstein (1st class), who has won 24 out of 3 games played; Mr. Henry Jones (2nd class), 3 out of 4; Mr. M. D. Blunt (3rd class), 3 out of 3; Mr. S. L. Scholding (4th class), 3½ out of 4; while Mr. L. Serrallier (1st class), Mr. C. H. Kenning (2nd class), and Mr. W. H. Newman and Mr. V. Alexandre (3rd class) are almost abreast of each other, behind them.

The Rev. H. A. Dalton, M.A., Assistant Master of Winchester College, has been unanimously elected to the Head-mastership of Felstead School, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. D. S. Ingram.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Mr. Dittmer, master of the steamship *Viola*, of Hamburg, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew and passengers of the steamship *Penguin*, of London, which was burnt off Ameland on Feb. 13. The Board have also awarded a binocular glass to Mr. Matthew J. Bunney, master of the Argentine barque *Ushawaia*, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the barque *Cumbria*, of Scarborough, whom he rescued at sea on May 20, 1889.

## MUSIC.

Dr. Mackenzie's setting of Burns's poem "The Cottar's Saturday Night," recently produced at a concert of the Royal Choral Society, at the Albert Hall, had before only been heard in Scotland, having been first produced at Edinburgh in December last, when it met with great success. The composer has made a few judicious omissions from the poem, and has laid out his score most effectively for chorus and orchestra, the work moving continuously without the usual division into separate movements. Although a distinctive national tone is evident in some of the music of the cantata, this is not carried to an undue extent, the strongest instance of local colour being the use of an old Scottish tune. The work reflects admirably the homely sentiment of the poem, while occasionally offering instances of elevated impressiveness. The performance, conducted by the composer, was attended by a success similar to that which resulted from the production of the work in Scotland. "The Cottar's Saturday Night" was followed, on the occasion now particularly referred to, by Dr. Mackenzie's cantata "The Dream of Jubal," which has several times been given and commented on. It will, therefore, now be sufficient to say that, like the work which preceded it at the Albert Hall, it was conducted by the composer; and that the solo vocalists were Misses Macintyre and H. Jones, Mr. B. McGuckin and Mr. J. Gibson. The recited text was delivered by Miss Julia Neilson with admirable elocution.

At the Crystal Palace concert on March 8, another Scottish cantata was introduced. This was Mr. Hamish MacCunn's "Bonny Kilmeny," originally produced (like Dr. Mackenzie's setting of "The Cottar's Saturday Night") in Scotland. Mr. MacCunn's work is based on text supplied by his father, Mr. J. MacCunn, who has derived his materials from Hogg's poem "The Queen's Wake," the leading incidents of which are effectively adapted for musical purposes. Mr. Hamish MacCunn's score is written for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. Those portions of the music associated with fairy action are characterised by much fanciful grace. In the performance of March 8 the music associated with the respective characters was well rendered by Madame Agnes Larkcom, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. N. Salmond.

Of a recent orchestral concert given by the pupils of the Royal College of Music at Princes' Hall, and of the concert instituted by Mdlle. Janotha at St. James's Hall in aid of the Arabella Goddard Testimonial Fund, we have not space at present to speak.

Since our notice of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, Madame De Pachmann has appeared as the solo pianist, her chief display having been in Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," of which she gave an earnest and conscientious interpretation. At the afternoon concert of March 8, Mdlle. Geisler-Schubert was the solo pianist, her performance of pieces by Schubert and Brahms having been especially successful. Mr. R. Groome was the vocalist.

Mr. John Boosey's attractive London Ballad Concerts, at St. James's Hall, are approaching the end of their twenty-fourth season. The last of the afternoon performances was announced for March 12, and the last evening concert for March 19, the programme on each occasion having been of the usual varied interest.

Mr. Coenen announced a pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall for March 13, with a programme well calculated to display to advantage his executive skill.

The annual Irish Ballad Concert, at St. James's Hall, was organised for March 15, in anticipation of St. Patrick's Day, the hall being pre-engaged on this date. Several eminent vocalists and a band of harps were engaged, and the programme was of a distinctively national character.

The opening concert of the seventy-eighth season of the Philharmonic Society occurred on March 13, too late for present notice. The programme promised the first performance in England of a fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, composed by M. Widor; the pianoforte part performed by M. Philipp.

The programme of the pianoforte recital recently given by Mr. A. Hartvigson, and that of Madame Backer-Gröndahl—both occurring simultaneously—contained Mozart's fantasia in C minor, originally written for one performer; with an additional part for a second piano contributed by Herr Grieg. This interference with a classical work of a great master is a proceeding that cannot be too strongly reprobated, however cleverly the addition may be accomplished, and however skillfully the executants may achieve their task. The second pianist at Mr. A. Hartvigson's recital was his brother, Mr. F. Hartvigson; the additional pianoforte part at the other recital having been assigned to Madame Haas. Mr. Hartvigson's programme also included Mozart's sonata in F, treated by Herr Grieg in the same objectionable way as the fantasia.

Recent announcements have included a performance of Berlioz's "Faust" music, at the Hampstead Conservatoire, with full professional orchestra and chorus; Mr. J. Sauvage's farewell concert, at St. George's Hall; and a concert, at Princes' Hall, by Mrs. Shaw, the American whistler.

The Rev. Dr. John Keys O'Doherty has been consecrated Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese of Derry.

The Rev. Townsend Storrs, of Worthing, has been elected Head Master of Worcester Grammar School, in succession to Rev. George Smith, resigned.

Steane Estate, between Farthinghoe and Brackley, in Northamptonshire, not far from the Banbury Cross celebrated in nursery rhyme, has been sold by Earl Spencer to Captain Alcock, of Leamington, for £45,000. This property has many historic associations.

Shareholders of Allsopp's Brewery Company met in Cannon-street Hotel on March 7, under the presidency of Lord Hindlip, and appointed a committee of seven gentlemen, holding over £1000 worth of stock each, to investigate the present position of the concern.

Mr. Alexander, whose gift of a new building for the National Portrait Gallery will be remembered, has been appointed a trustee to that institution, in place of the late Lord Lamington. The plans for the new Gallery are now under the consideration of the First Commissioner of Works. A site has been secured at the back of the existing building in Trafalgar-square.

The annual return of the Volunteer corps of Great Britain for the year 1889 has been issued. The efficient of all arms numbered 216,999, and the non-efficients 7022, the number enrolled being 224,021. The total number of proficient who have qualified for the special grant of 50s. was 19,133—being 6179 officers and 12,954 sergeants. The number in 1888 was 19,096—6164 officers and 12,932 sergeants. Forty-eight officers and 81 non-commissioned officers passed in signalling, and 1226 officers passed in tactics and qualified for the special grant. The number present at inspection was 191,007. The number enrolled falls short of the authorised establishment by 37,732.



## THE HIGHEST OBSERVATORY IN EUROPE.

Under the auspices of the Austrian Meteorological Society, and of the German and Austrian Alpine Club, in 1887, Herr Rojacher, the proprietor of the gold-mines in the Rauris valley, liberally provided, at his own private cost, a station for daily meteorological observations at a height far above that of any other observatory in Europe. The altitude, 10,154 ft. above the sea-level, is exceeded only by that of the Pike's Peak Observatory in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, North America. Around the Sonnblick mountain, whenever the clouds disperse or open, the prospect in most directions is all snow and ice, with other mountains in the distance; the Hochnarr, the Kitzsteinhorn, the Ankogel, the Wiesbachhorn, the Grossglockner, the Ankogel, the Schaaereck, and the Steinernes Meer. The buildings of the gold-mines, at Kulm-Saigurn, are visible beyond the glaciers 2300 ft. below. It is on the summit of the Sonnblick that Herr Rojacher has erected a massive round tower, of stone, with an outside balcony, and a small house adjoining, for the abode of Peter Lechner, the solitary inhabitant, who was formerly a miner, and is now employed to attend to the scientific instruments at this lofty station. Lechner has spent three winters in his lonely aerial hermitage, where he passes the entire year, and has not once failed in his daily task. He has to make observations by the maximum and minimum thermometers, by the sunshine-recorder, the psychrometer, the hygrometer, and the hygrograph, by the anemometer, the barometer, and several other instruments three times every day—at seven in the morning, two in the afternoon, and nine in the evening—and to send the figures by telephone and telegraph to the Central Meteorological Station in Vienna. Thence they are forwarded to the whole world, and the weather forecasts published by the newspapers are partially based upon the readings of Peter Lechner, the faithful observer on the Sonnblick. The Knappenhaus of the gold-mines at Kulm-Saigurn is also a meteorological station, one of the second order; and it is connected by wire with the market-place of Rauris, in the valley of that name, and through it with the outer world; while Peter Lechner has only a connection by telephone with his former comrades.

Our illustrations are from drawings and photographs taken by Herr Heilmann, and by Lieutenant-Colonel Albert von Obermayer, of the Austrian Army.

## NEW BOOKS.

*An Artist's Tour through America and the Sandwich Islands.* By B. Kroupa. (Ward and Downey.)—In this handsome volume, adorned with twenty-four illustrations, the artist and author, who both draws and writes effectively, conducts us through Utah to California, and from San Francisco on a voyage to the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands; returns to the American Continent, visits Southern California, Arizona, Sonora, and Northern Mexico, again embarks at Guaymas, and passes down the west coast to Panama; crosses the Isthmus and takes a steamer at Colon (Aspinwall) for New Orleans; but encounters a hurricane at sea, and is driven to Vera Cruz; after reaching New Orleans in safety, he goes to Havana, in Cuba, and suffers from yellow fever; before coming home to Europe he visits Florida and Canada, two countries affording highly contrasted aspects.

This is an extensive tour, but all those parts of the world have been much travelled and described; and, as the date of Mr. Kroupa's journeyings and voyages was nine years ago, there is nothing here particularly new to accustomed readers of such books. Yet that period of time does not much alter the natural scenery, or the traits of human nature, even in the rapidly advancing civilisation of the Pacific States, North America, or in the stagnant, if not decaying, condition of the Central American Spanish Republics. Mr. Kroupa was a keen observer of these, and gives a lively account of what he saw. His brief sojourn among the Mormons in Salt Lake City was at least some years later than that of the author of "Echoes from the Rocky Mountains," a book recently noticed; but the history of that singular community has been told, and since the death of Brigham Young it has been sinking into obscurity. In California, which offers increasing attractions, the bright and busy city of San Francisco, with its beautiful bay, its "Golden Gate" sea entrance, its Cliff House and Seal Rocks, always claims a favourable mention. We have heard different reports of the agreeableness of its climate, according to the season; but it was delicious when Mr. Kroupa was there. The Calaveras Grove and Mammoth trees, the Yosemite Valley, with its stupendous cliffs and glorious waterfalls, occupy their required chapters, and are the subjects of striking original delineations. One would be content to miss, at San Francisco, the usual peep into the nasty Chinese quarter and the opium dens.

It is generally pleasant to read of the Sandwich Islands, with the exception of Molokai, the leper asylum, which this writer did not visit. He liked the town of Honolulu, and the merry native people, admired the luxuriant vegetation, rambled in the other islands, ascended the stupendous volcanic mountains, Haleakala and Mauna Loa (to the Kilauea Crater), and found a lovely abode at Hilo. In the southern part of the State of California, whither he next repaired, we believe the towns of Los Angeles and San Diego have been greatly affected by American progress, and other towns have quickly sprung up, within the past nine years. The mule-train, consisting of sixteen waggons and two hundred mules, by which he travelled to Fort Yuma, Gila, and Tucson, has been superseded by the railroad; but the Navajo Indians, a tribe with peculiar customs and ideas, are said to be much as they were. They roam over the arid plains of Arizona, Sonora, and New Mexico, or lurk in the canyons and barrancos of the Sierra Madre. Alcohol, the white man's most efficient weapon for the destruction of the coloured races of mankind, will soon "improve them off the face of the earth." We have, on a former occasion, given Sketches of the grotesque dances and religious ceremonies of this tribe. Mr. Kroupa's account of fatiguing long journeys on horseback in Northern Mexico does not incline us to wish to have accompanied him there.

The Isthmus of Panama, which he crossed by the railroad, but on which he afterwards made several excursions up the Chagres River, and to the forests and mountains, was not, at

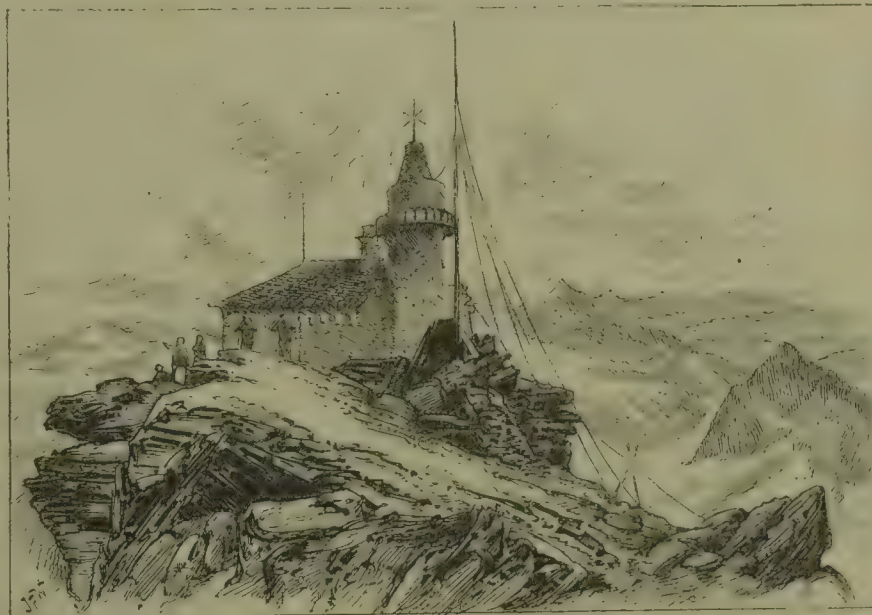
that time, the scene of the great works of the Ship Canal. He lingered several weeks in those parts, amazed and enchanted by the profusion of beauty and variety in trees, plants, and flowers, but fearfully conscious of the unwholesomeness of the climate, and the poisonous malaria of the swamps. The mosquitoes and ants were a torment, and he could not endure the filthy huts of the lazy people. His narrative of the tremendous storm at sea, on the voyage to New Orleans, is forcibly worded; and compassion is roused by his dismal experiences of yellow fever on board a quarantine ship. No sketches of these subjects could be expected—it was enough that he survived; but he gives only verbal pictures of the



THE SONNBlick MOUNTAIN, IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPS, 10,154 FEET HIGH.

beauty of the Creole ladies at New Orleans, the charming glades and lakes of Florida, and the Falls of Niagara, ending, however, with good views of the Lower St. Lawrence and the coast of Labrador. It is a long round that we are taken in this author's company, but we are not tired, and we own to having been often pleased.

*East Africa and Its Big Game.* By Captain Sir John C. Willoughby, Bart., Royal Horse Guards. (Longmans.)—This volume contains the narrative of a hunting expedition performed between December 1886 and the May of the next year, by four gentlemen, who were the author, Sir John Willoughby, and his friends Sir Robert Harvey, Mr. C. B. Harvey, and Mr. H. C. V. Hunter, proceeding from Mombasa inland to the forest-clad hills at the base of Mount Kilimanjaro. They fixed their headquarters at Taveta, a large native settlement in the midst of a dense forest, 230 miles from Mombasa by the path usually taken, which is fifteen days' journey; but the British East Africa Company has undertaken to construct a railway. Taveta, which was described by Mr. Joseph Thomson in his book on Masai-Land, will certainly become an important station for trade with the interior, and its inhabitants are of a friendly disposition. It is the most convenient starting-point for excursions through the wooded valleys that intersect the southern and eastern slopes of Kilimanjaro, from which many streams descend, either to form the large river Ruvu, or to enter Lake Jipé, divided by the Ughono (or Ugwene) and the Sogonoi ranges. Several different tribes or small nations, under their petty chiefs, inhabit these countries, which appear on the map as Kahé and Caga, partly within the German East Africa territory. They are much exposed to the predatory inroads of the savage Masai, from the north-west, who at present stop farther travel by Europeans, unless with a strong armed force, in the direction of Lake Victoria



THE HIGHEST OBSERVATORY IN EUROPE, ON THE SUMMIT OF THE SONNBlick.

Nyanza. Sir John Willoughby's party did not seek to encounter such risks, but entered into amicable relations with the local chiefs, Mandara and Sina, of the Wamoshi and Wakiboso people. Through the latter country was the nearer approach to the heights of the great mountain, which is an interesting geographical feature. Kilimanjaro has two summits—a majestic snow-covered dome called Kibo, rising to 20,000 ft.; and Kimawenzi, a cluster of jagged broken pinnacles of black rock, about 16,000 ft. high. Sir John Willoughby and his companions ascended to the ridge connecting these two summits; and his description of the mountain is not less attractive than that of Ruwenzori, lately visited by Lieutenant Stairs. But shooting wild animals was the proper errand of this party; and the book tells us much of the various species of buck and antelope, "rhinos," which were freely "bagged," hippos swimming in the lake, pursued by the aid of a raft, buffaloes, lions, elephants, in pursuit of which the author and his friends were usually successful. The heads of all the horned beasts are carefully, indeed beautifully, delineated in

the fine plates, drawn by Mrs. Gordon Hake and Mr. D. C. Giles from original sketches and photographs. The other illustrations—those of forest and mountain scenery and of the figures and costumes of natives—are as good as any we have seen.

*Leaves of a Life: Reminiscences of Montagu Williams, Q.C.* Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.)—A well-known barrister, who long practised in the Criminal Courts, until his appointment to the office of a London police magistrate, has compiled many remarkable stories of cases, notorious at the time, in which he was professionally engaged. Mr. Montagu Williams, of course, has had a large personal acquaintance with different classes of men about town, and his recollections of society and business, since he was called to the Bar in 1862, are shrewd, lively, and sometimes amusing. His earlier life—school-days at Eton College, as a King's Scholar, with the Rev. W. G. Cookesley for tutor; military service at Chichester, Portsmouth, Dublin, and Walmer; and some experiences as an actor at provincial theatres, leading to his marriage with Miss Louise Keeley—is related in the spirit of youthful gaiety. These anecdotes of schoolboy freaks, of the barrack and mess-table, and of the stage are pleasant reading than some of the dismal records of crime, the chapters of Old Bailey history, which fill much space in the two volumes.

But whoever may hereafter wish to look up the facts of such famous murder cases as those of the female nurse, Catherine Wilson, who poisoned her patients, the stabbing Italians of Hatton-garden, Count Henri de Tourville's murder of his English wife in the Tyrol, the Penge wife-murder by starvation, the crimes of the cunning burglar Charles Peace, Lefroy's murder of Mr. Gould on the Brighton Railway, and Dr. Lamson's poisoning of his young brother-in-law at Wimbledon, will find correct details of each horrible affair. The speeches delivered by Mr. Montagu Williams in defence of Lefroy and Lamson are printed in the appendix. Other cases minutely related by him are the trial of the Fenians for blowing down the wall of the Clerkenwell prison in 1867, with a full report of Barrett's speech; the two trials of Madame Rachel, the fraudulent vendor of beauty lotions; the libel action of Risk Allah Bey against the *Daily Telegraph*; the conspiracy of Benson, Kurr, Bale, and others, in 1887, to defraud Madame De Gonville by pretended secrets of the turf, and the subsequent conviction of Drusevitch, Meiklejohn, and other Metropolitan Police Inspectors, as accomplices in such frauds; Lord Euston's suit for nullity of marriage with "Kate Cook"; the libel case of Mr. Belt, the sculptor, and his more fatal trial in the jewel case. These are the most important; but Mr. Montagu Williams contributes also to the shady view of social life not a little authentic testimony concerning the ways of bill-discounters, blackmailers, negotiators for lost dogs, and other sharpers, whom it is safer to read about than to deal with. His remarks, too, on the breeding of vice and crime in squalid dens of London low life, on the abuse of common lodging-houses, and on the rearing of pick-pockets and petty thieves, are likely to go near the truth. But this book, on the whole, does not leave a cheerful impression on the mind, in spite of a few of those anecdotes of Toole and Sothern and practical jokes, without which nobody's "Reminiscences" would seem complete.

*Nil-Fahrt.* Von C. von Gonzenbach. Mit Illustrationen von Raffaele Mainella. (Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart, Leipzig, Berlin, and Vienna.)—Those who read German, and who like to read about the Nile and Egypt, will be pleased with Herr von Gonzenbach's narrative of a voyage up that famous river in the winter of 1887; while Signor Mainella's fine drawings, with forty good process photographs, besides the numerous engravings, making altogether several hundred illustrations, greatly enhance the beauty and value of this work. It is handsomely printed on fine paper, doing much credit to the German Publishing Company, and forms a volume suitable for the drawing-room table. The excursion, conducted in a leisurely manner on board a "dahabiyeh," during four or five months, proceeded as far as Wady Halfa, allowing the systematic inspection of all the marvellous ruins of antiquity on the banks of the Upper Nile, and some direct acquaintance with the present inhabitants of that country. Written in the form of a diary, Herr von Gonzenbach's observations are concisely reported, but were evidently guided by thorough historical and antiquarian knowledge, and by a correct appreciation of the significance of architectural monuments. The book is one of substantial merit, and the artist's contributions will delight even such purchasers as cannot avail themselves of the author's instructive descriptions and commentaries in the text, which is deserving of attentive perusal.

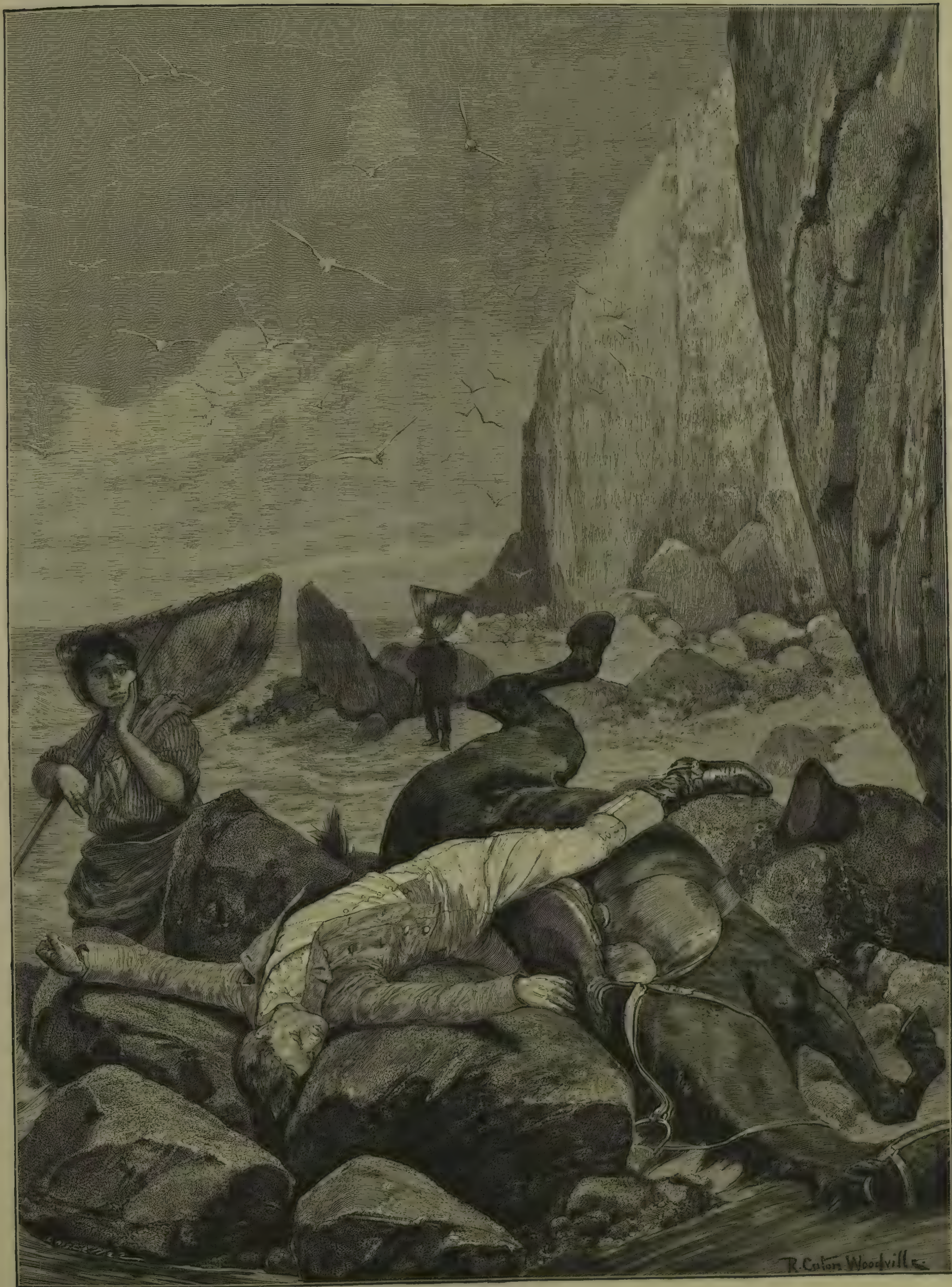
Messrs. Bousso, Valadon, and Co. have been appointed fine-art publishers to the Queen.

The political institutions of the English nation in America have recently been studied in an appreciative spirit. Mr. Bryce's important treatise on the Constitution of the United States is a work claiming the serious consideration of all who pretend to form an opinion concerning the prospects of the great Federal Republic. A very useful "Handbook," by Mr. Dugald J. Bannatyne, a Scottish solicitor practising at New York, is published by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, of Edinburgh and London. It contains, on the one hand, an accurate digest of all the laws concerning the definition and mutual limitations of the Federal authority and of the State Legislatures, respectively; the constitution of Congress, with its Senate and House of Representatives, the President and his Ministry, and the several Departments of the Federal Government; the Judiciary of the United States, the Civil Service, Army, and Navy, admission to citizenship, and other matters common to the whole Union. The laws and government of the State of New York are then described in minute detail, occupying 350 closely printed pages, and including every particular of municipal or local business. These summaries or abstracts of American law, compiled without any party bias, seem calculated to be very serviceable to persons emigrating, travelling, or trading in that country; but the introductory chapter, which deals more in political comment and criticism, involves matter of opinion, to be compared with the testimony of other competent observers acquainted with the history of modern nations.









FOUND!



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE WORKERS OF THE BODY.

Some days ago a person remarked in my hearing that, while science dealt with both the big things and the little things of life and nature, it had in reality thrown very little light indeed on the more intricate bodily processes in virtue of which life is carried on. The plaint of my friend was that science knew about things "in the rough," but could not descend to take cognisance, in the same degree, of things of minute estate. "So much the worse for science and mankind at large," I replied, "were your assertion true." As a matter of fact, there is no field of inquiry which has yielded such a large harvest to the truth-seeker of late years as that of microscopic research. There is scarcely a great discovery which has been made within the past decade in which our knowledge of the infinitely little, as shown forth by the microscope, has not figured most prominently. Disease-germs and countless other lower forms of life have been traced out in their development and tracked to their origin. Living things, whose dimensions are to be estimated by the thousandths parts of inches, are as well known to us to-day as is the ostrich or the elephant. So far from the "little things" of the universe escaping our attention, I should be inclined to maintain that they largely monopolise science to the exclusion of the big things. We are beginning to find out, in fact, that only by knowing something of the actions which proceed in the lower byways of life can existence in the main be understood at all. Hence, if any preparation for a knowledge of humanity be required, I should say one would find it in a microscopic study of what the ditches contain, and of what a leaf harbours. "The proper study of mankind is man," said the poet of Twickenham. To this very proper aphorism (in its way) science adds that the only safe preparation for the study of mankind is the knowledge of what lower life is and of what lower life does.

The remark of my friend suggested that within the compass even of human structures (and that strictly following out Pope's aphorism) one may find many phases of life such as will warrant the declaration that to the microscope we owe a vast amount of our knowledge of ourselves. It has often been asserted that man is a microcosm—a world within himself; and this is highly true, if we apply the saying to the microscopic structures of his frame. No sooner do we begin to investigate the composition of man's tissues than we discover that, so far from a human being having any right to be regarded as a single entity, he might claim a title to be considered a compound or colonial organism. One man in his time is said to play many parts, according to the Bard of Avon; physiologically, it may be said, one man is very many parts or entities working together to form and to maintain an harmonious whole. This statement is easily proved. We do not speak without knowing when we make such an assertion.

Glance through the body's constitution, and you will find, first of all, that, wherever you have life and vital activity, it resides in a particular kind of living jelly which everybody knows (by name, at least) as "protoplasm." This is the "matter of life"—it is life-stuff, in the truest sense; since no other matter on the face of this earth, save protoplasm, shows the phenomena or actions of life. Now, what is true of a man's body in this respect is equally true of the body of every other living thing—animal or plant. When we come to investigate how this protoplasm (of a speck of which the whole body in its germ-state once consisted) is disposed in our frames, we discover that it is represented in its most active state by microscopic bodies to which the name of "cells" is given. Here and there, the protoplasm has been worked up to form fibres and other structures (as in muscles and nerves); but the active, living elements of our frames consist, undoubtedly, of cells. What, then, is a cell? Imagine a speck of this living matter, averaging, say, the one four-hundredth of an inch in diameter, of rounded shape, bounded by a kind of envelope, and having a particle (the *nucleus*) somewhere or other imbedded in its interior—and you will have a fair conception of what a cell of ordinary size and form is likely to be. Some cells we know of—nerve-cells indeed—average only the one five-thousandth of an inch, or less, in diameter; and between big cells and little cells there are, of course, all gradations in size.

These cells, then, are the workers of the body. They are the population of the vital kingdom. The democrats are the cells—useful and necessary, and respectable members of society—which toil and labour to build up bones, to form muscles, and to make the various secretions. The aristocrats are the nerve-cells, which are by no means an idle plutocracy, however, but which work hard enough in the ruling, direction, and governance of the frame. There is perfect division of labour in the living State. One group of cells does not interfere with the work of another group. Each piece of labour, from the building of bone to the making of gastric juice, is carried out independently and thoroughly by workers set apart for the given purpose. The economy of a bee's hive is not more rigidly ordered than is the work of our own body in respect of its labourers and their specific duties; and in the vast proportion of their affairs these workers of ours are self-directive, even while they own the supremacy of brain and nerves as their controlling power.

If we think of the countless operations which have to be undertaken from hour to hour to maintain our bodies in action, we may begin to realise what perfect co-operation really means, and what this colonial constitution of ours implies. For example, saliva has to be secreted, for the purpose of digestion, in the mouth, and for other functions as well. This fluid is supplied by three pairs of salivary glands. Now, the working and essential parts of these glands are living cells, which, out of the blood (as the raw material) supplied to the glands, secrete saliva, which is the manufactured product. Again, tears have perpetually to be made for washing the eyes. This secretion is supplied by a couple of tear-glands. Here, again, are cells, different from those of the salivary glands, and making out of the blood a very different secretion to that of the mouth. The cells of the gastric glands of the stomach make, from the blood, gastric juice. Again, we see a change of duty as we pass to a different set of cells. The cells of the liver compose that large organ, and discharge its multifarious duties. They are the living units of which the liver is composed, and are thus part and parcel of the living colony we term our body. The cells of the sweetbread make the digestive juice of that gland—another change of duty and another race of cells. The brain-cells guide and direct the body's highest acts equally with lower nervous operations. Cells in the skin repair our wounds and throw off other cells which are cast away as the outer skin wears. The bone-cells renew and repair that dense structure, and build up the solid portions of the frame. In a word, every act of life is performed by the cells; each group of which remains distinct as a colony of workers charged with the performance of a specific duty. Truly, then, it may be held that our life is a divided existence physically; while from another point of view it is an harmonious existence, because of the perfect co-operation of these wonderful workers of the body—the living cells.

ANDREW WILSON.

## THE HALFWAY MILL.

I wonder how many people know that from the roof of a certain disused windmill in South Surrey you can see at one and the same moment the glare of the London gaslamps and the shimmer of the moon playing on the waters of the English Channel. Last summer three of us made this discovery in the course of a midnight ramble. We were a "reading party" from Oxford, and were staying at a farm in the village of Sutton, but on that particular night we decided about ten o'clock that it was only fair to give the midnight oil a rest and the moonlight a chance. I think I have never seen the moon brighter than it was when we set out; there was a windless stillness in which you could hear the owls call and answer in their firm ringing notes, and one huge fellow came floating inquisitively in a repeated circle above our heads, lying on the air with not the slightest trace of sound or effort, as is the placid *remigium alarum* of owls. We passed through the street of the tiny village, where the labourers were all sleeping their hardest against to-morrow's dawn and work, and nightlights in a few cottages controlled by babies made yellow squares against the more milky paleness of without. Then out on the other side of the village, and the path began to rise steadily as we entered on the Hurlwood—a huge common covered with pines and gorse in rough distribution, here a few acres of the one and there of the other, for several miles in each direction. It is strange how loud nature's voice seems to grow when once our impertinent human interruptions are hushed in bed, like the sighing of the wind in the pines, which never really ceases though the air seem ever so windless. In a night walk a hundred little points of woodcraft strike you that you never thought of by day—how the air is quite warm while you walk between pines on either hand, but suddenly chillier when you pass into a region of gorse—how easily you can tell the rolling pine-music (it is a little bit like the roar of London streets heard from the middle of Kensington Gardens) from the murmur of swaying larches or the whistle of blown grass, and so on with the endless shaded expressions of nature's *grande manière*, which are mostly thrown away on us ill-bred companions.

Someone proposed that we should make for Ewhurst Windmill, from which there would be a great view over the weald, and we reached it about half past eleven. Disused for some years, it stood among thick pines and a tough undergrowth of heather, with leathery stems and dry broom-like foliage on which one's feet slipped and caught by turns. We crept in through a little door at the bottom, and across the rotten flooring to the first ladder, without hearing the sound of anyone awake or sleeping. By all human calculation, it ought to have been a regular lodging-house for tramps, but this was harvest time, and at such seasons there is liberal hospitality in barns. The mill was built in three floors, with ladders between each pair, and a great store-room underground. About every second board of the floors seemed to have been stripped off to cook the supper or warm the hands of casual lodgers, and we had to walk mighty carefully so as not to drop through into the storey below, for the moon gave no light inside the building except in little tricky spots and streaks. Once I put a foot through and barked my shins, and the others laughed at the fervour of the resultant exclamation, their voices ringing about the big hollow building, while my monosyllable seemed to go rebounding from wall to wall, and the dust shook itself off against me with outraged propriety. At last we clambered out of the door at the top, and stood on a little ledge that ran all round, with our backs leaning against the leaden dome that formed the roof of the mill, and the gawky sails above and below us, in the attitude which chance first, and then rust more rigidly, had determined for their final quiescence.

I confess I have often fallen short of the orthodox delight in scenery, and in many beautiful places I have only felt a baulked willingness to be bewitched, like a friend of mine who was nearly drowned, and whose last sensation was one of disappointment at not obtaining the synoptic retrospect of his past life, which is usually ascribed to that occasion. But at this moment I was fairly ravished with pleasure. From east and south there ran out two long-backed, dark hills, that then dropped sharply to the level of the great southern weald, leaving a space between them like the bright gap left when a dark curtain rises in a theatre. The great gap was full of light, and, beyond it, the giant lamp of the harvest moon hung high above the open plain, on whose surface the tender and radiant ground-mists were moving or resting, an exquisite virginal white beside the black flanking walls of steep hill that framed the scene to right and left. And, looking hard out to southward along the moon's track, you could see in the farthest distance, at moments when the mists shifted, a fitful glimmer, which was the light on the sea. A handful of clouds got up in the north-east while we gazed, and beneath them appeared a more sullen glow, which rose over London—a dull pregnant glare that made one think of darkness almost more than of light. Every Londoner knows how contemptible a position the moon occupies among the lights of London under normal circumstances, when the relative distances from our eyes are, say, six feet for the lamps and a few thousand miles for the moon, but a little matter of eighteen miles taken away from the difference makes an incredible change in the planet's favour, and from Ewhurst Windmill the flare of the big city looked quite foolish and trifling.

More clouds came up fast now, with a rising wind that blew almost coldly from the north-east, and we shivered a little on our perch. So we groped our way down in greatly increased darkness, and the moon was almost put out before we reached the farm and the blessings of bed.

C. E. M.

Mr. Gladstone has consented to open the new Residential Medical College at Guy's Hospital on March 26.

Dr. Schliemann intends to resume his excavations at Troy shortly, and hopes to complete them within two years. He will first excavate the region outside Pergamon and the ways from the three gates into the lower part of the city.

In January and February 17,055 emigrants of British origin left the kingdom, being by 4007 a smaller number than the number of those who left in the first two months of 1889. The emigrants to the United States were fewer by 2078 than those in 1889; to British North America there was an increase of 48, and to "all other places" a decrease of 1077, and to Australasia a decrease of 900.

The spring exhibition and sale of shorthorn cattle, promoted by the Birmingham Agricultural Exhibition Society, has been held. Altogether there were 649 entries, an increase of 116 on last year. There was a large attendance of buyers, representatives being present from Germany, Belgium, the United States, and South America, as well as from all parts of the United Kingdom. The £50 prize for bulls under twenty-one months was awarded to Mr. Garne, of Great Ressington, and the second prize to Mr. William Taylor, of Westmoreland. Mr. John Morrison, of Rillington, Yorkshire, won with British General the first prize for bulls exceeding thirty months.

## ART EXHIBITIONS.

## MR. DUNTHORNE'S GALLERY.

Many who visit this gallery (Vigo-street) will welcome Mr. F. G. Cotman's return to a style of painting which, as it seemed, he was in danger of abandoning. His portraits and large oil-paintings always showed care and a certain power; but it is in the open air rather than at cottage firesides that he is to be seen at his best. For the present exhibition he has gone to the cradle of English history in search of the picturesque. When Winchester was the Royal city—and the meeting-place of the Saxon Witenagemote—the neighbouring villages acquired importance; and it is not surprising if they have also retained some touch of quaintness and originality. Mr. Cotman has a keen eye and a ready hand, and by the aid of these he has transcribed the bright impressions produced by the majestic pile of "Winchester Cathedral, as seen from the College Water" (2), and from many other points: the stately pile of "St. Cross" (11), and the dreamy landscape from the summit of "St. Catherine's Hill" (9), and that most picturesque of the villages of the Down, "Otterbourne" (22), leading to "Cranbury Common" (30), where Julius Cæsar is supposed to have pitched his camp. Christchurch, of which the mere shell is known to the hosts of "trippers" who come over from Bournemouth, forms another centre of Mr. Cotman's work; and its old Abbey, of which the reflection in the placid waters of the Stour and Avon (29) gives charm and importance to some of the most delightful of these sketches. "Christchurch Ferry" (15), overhung by its richly foliaged venerable trees, is probably known to most persons who have stayed in that neighbourhood, and who, no doubt, know the road round "Hengistbury Head" (28), and the steep banks of the Stour (46) on the way to Iford. Few, comparatively, make themselves familiar with the beauties of scenery above "Ford Bridge" (20) and of the Blackwater Ferry. These are spots which Mr. Cotman dwells upon with the feeling of a true lover of nature; and we are glad, in the midst of the busy whirl and noise of London, to let our eyes rest upon such peaceful scenes. "Romsey Abbey" (3), surrounded by water meadows, almost recalls the Norfolk Broads, but with richer and softer skies; while far away in the south, in the sleepy village of "Bosham" (25 and 47), in the church of which (13) Canute's daughter is said to be buried, one has a difficulty in realising the busy part of the old cathedral city of Chichester. In some of its aspects, as, for example, from the "Mill-pond, Bosham," might be a Dutch village on the Zuyder Zee, with finer trees and less picturesque costumes.

The catalogue of this little exhibition is in its way a masterpiece, for it tells us all one would wish to know, not only about the subjects of the various pictures, but of the district in which they were painted. Without affectation of learning, it bears evidence of considerable research, and, even as a guide-book to a neighbourhood more than ordinarily rich in historic associations, would be of great practical use; while the slight though carefully executed sketches from Mr. Cotman's pictures give to it a real artistic value.

## THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

Rumours are afloat—and the wonder is that they have not sooner taken substantial form—that some inquiry is to be made into the manner in which the annual grants for the purchase of works of art are spent. While other departments, especially the National Gallery, find their grants suspended or reduced to a mere trifle, the stream of Pætolus still flows through the privileged region of South Kensington. It is not doubted that the Museum contains priceless treasures, and that it has frequently acquired objects which should for every reason be found in a national museum. The question under discussion is rather whether it is useful or interesting to secure fresh specimens of work and art without reference to those of a similar nature already to be found in the Museum. Taking, for instance, the most recent purchases, it may well be asked whether in the painted stucco ceiling, for which £1000 was paid, the public has an adequate return for the money, and, further, whether, in view of the really fine collection of Chinese objects, it was discreet to expend £700 on a screen in black lacquer with incised decoration. The specimens of Della Robbia were already in the Museum as so excellent and so numerous that the Pietà purchased for £475 seems almost unnecessary; and £1312 is a large sum to pay for three terra-cotta panels by Benedetto da Majano, of which the distinctive beauties and excellence are not easily understood. The need of some system governing the purchases becomes every year more and more apparent—and the suggestive Committee of Inquiry will find ample scope in defining the lines upon which acquisitions shall in future be made, keeping in view that the object of the Museum is not primarily to be the treasure-house of the most recherché objects of virtu, but the school in which artists and workers may learn something of the aims and methods of those who have gone before.

## THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

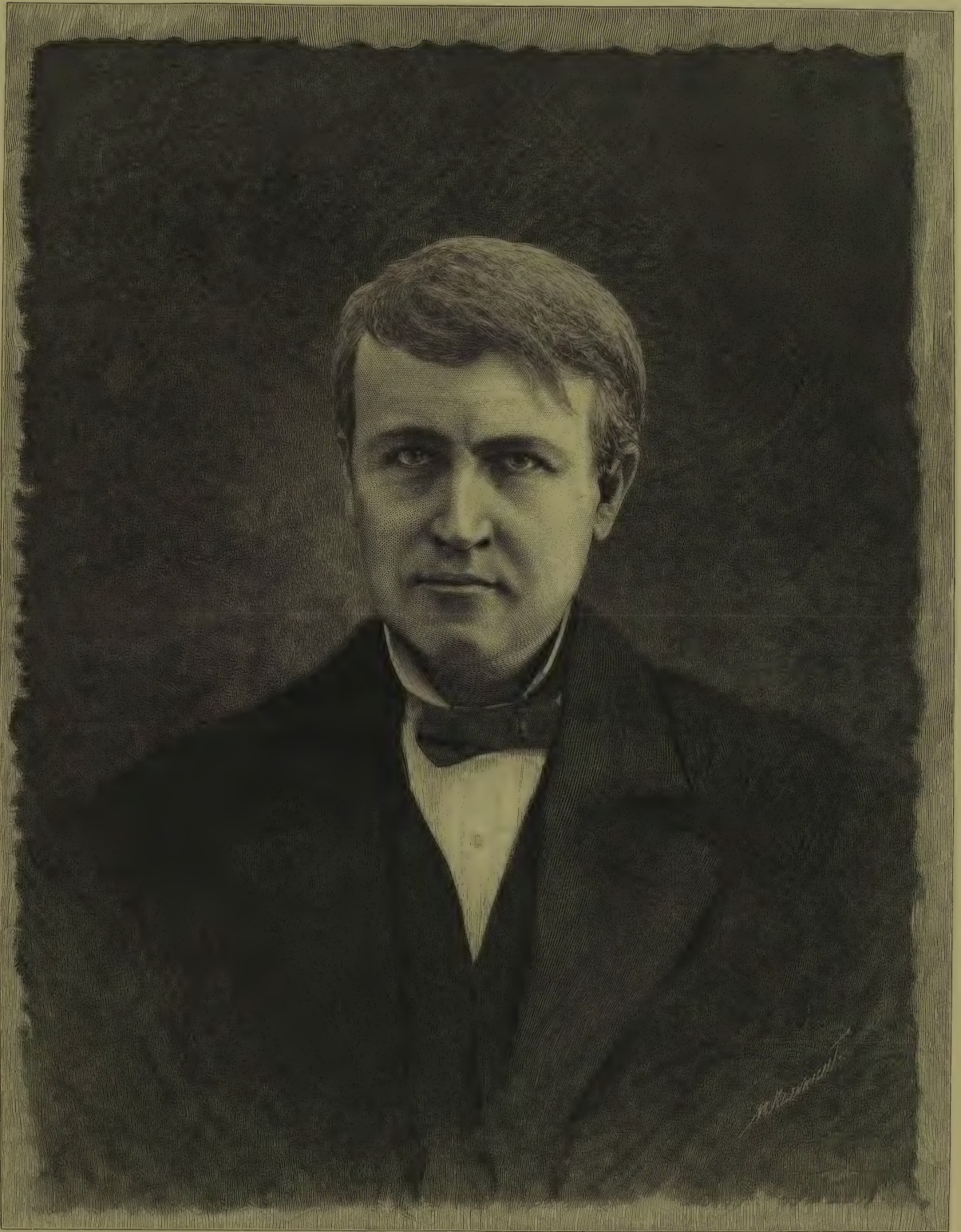
Although the National Portrait Gallery is still a building of the future, its zealous director goes on accumulating treasures, new and old, with which the public will make acquaintance for the first time when the new building is completed. Among the most recent acquisitions is a picture of the High Court of Chancery, as it was in the days of Lord Chancellor the Earl of Macclesfield, to whom George I. gave such signal marks of his favour and esteem, and who shares with Bacon the unenviable distinction of having been impeached for corruption. In those days the Court of Chancery sat at the upper end of Westminster Hall, and the artist has taken full advantage of his opportunities to make the scene an interesting one. The members of the Bar, of whom several portraits are introduced into the picture, have not as yet been fully identified, but there is little doubt that the indefatigable director, Mr. Scharf, will not rest satisfied until his catalogue contains all available information respecting the personages in the picture.

The generous donor of the new National Portrait Gallery no longer pretends to be anonymous, and we can therefore sincerely congratulate the trustees upon the compliment paid to Mr. Alexander of electing him a member of their body, in the place of the late Lord Lamington.

The Lord Mayor entertained at luncheon on March 6 the French engineers who came to this country to attend the opening of the Forth Bridge. They represented all the great French railways. M. Picot and M. Eiffel expressed their admiration of what they had seen, and their thanks for the kindness which had been shown to them on all hands during their visit.

Mr. James Soames, J.P., of Maze Hill, Greenwich, has promised to contribute a sum of £4000 towards the erection of the permanent church of St. George's, Westcombe-park, Blackheath. At present the Rev. W. H. K. Soames, the son of the donor, is doing an excellent work at a mission hall at Westcombe-park, a populous and increasing district. The estimated cost of the permanent church is £5500, and in addition to the £4000 given by Mr. Soames another £1000 has been promised.





MEN OF THE DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY V. DARRACQ, PARIS.

MR. THOMAS ALVA EDISON,  
THE AMERICAN ELECTRICIAN AND INVENTOR.



## THE HOWARD CENTENARY.

The hundredth anniversary of the death of John Howard, which took place at Cherson, a Russian town on the shore of the Sea of Azof, on Jan. 20, 1790, has been commemorated this year, and is a proper occasion for us to present a few illustrations of his beneficent career, with some anecdotes of the hideous cruelties and shameful abuses that he laboured to expose and reform.

Born at Hackney, near London, in 1726, he was apprenticed in youth to a grocer, but, having money bequeathed to him, did not go into trade. He went abroad and studied, came home, and married a widow lady, who lived only three years afterwards. In 1756 he embarked for Lisbon, to view the effects of the great earthquake; but, the vessel being captured by the French, he suffered an imprisonment in France, attended with much hardship. On his release and return to England, Mr. Howard again married, and resided some time in the neighbourhood of the New Forest. His second wife died in 1765, leaving him one son, with whom he retired to an estate and country house at Cardington, near Bedford, and employed himself in tasks of local usefulness, especially to improve the condition of the poor. In 1770 Mr. Howard was appointed High Sheriff of Bedfordshire. He at once proceeded, with characteristic thoroughness, to fulfil the duties of his office. Responsible for carrying out the law, he found his way incumbered at every step with intolerable abuses. These he exposed to the magistrates, and told them that the cause was the custom of farming out the prisons to speculators, who were allowed to extract their profits from the unhappy wretches committed to their charge. The magistrates professed their willingness to give salaries to the jailers, if Howard could find a precedent for this system. To this end he commenced a series of visits to jails in neighbouring counties, an effort which revealed such revolting cruelties that he determined to visit every prison in England and Wales, and bring all their iniquities to the light of day. After some years devoted to these inquiries, he laid the result before the House of Commons, and received a vote of thanks. A Parliamentary inquiry was subsequently ordered, which made its report. The facts here to be mentioned, with the exception of those concerning the Fleet Prison and the Marshalsea, which were specially reported upon in 1789, were proved by sufficient evidence. Howard's own inquiries were personally made, carefully recorded, and related with the utmost moderation and with that quiet common-sense and calm forbearance which were characteristic of him.

"The old idea of a London jail," writes the Rev. W. J. Loftie in his "History of London," "was a kind of tavern, where a prisoner could take his ease until his trial. If he was very poor, he received a dole; if he was rich, he could live as he liked. To punish a man for proved crime by imprisonment only was rare; it did not occur to the rulers that mere detention was a punishment. The prisoner could enjoy the company of his family; he could gamble and drink, or he could work for his living if necessary. The stocks, the pillory, and the whipping-post were necessary to strike terror into malefactors. But when the population increased, and a man found a jail to be a house with few rooms and few beds, all let at an enormous rate, with a precarious loaf and poisonous water, the state of a prisoner was much altered. About the same time, the authorities began to find that merely to keep a man in jail was a hideous punishment, as it was only another way of condemning him to a lingering but certain death, or to slow tortures, jail fever, and a short life full of misery. The hulks were little better. Slavery in the plantations was looked upon as a merciful relief. All the London prisons were bad; but Newgate, though it had been several times rebuilt, acquired a pre-eminent reputation for unwholesomeness. Howard mentions Newgate, the Fleet, Ludgate, a new prison, so called, in Bishopsgate-street, the Poultry and Wood-street Compters, Bridewell, the New Clerkenwell Prison, the Clerkenwell Bridewell, the White-chapel Debtors' Prison; the Tower Hamlets Jail in Wellclose-square, at a public-house kept by a Swede; St. Catherine's, the Savoy, the Tothill-fields Bridewell, the Marshalsea, the new Borough Jail, and the Surrey Bridewell.

"We cannot wonder that Newgate was unwholesome in the middle of the eighteenth century: since, so far back as 1419, there was an entry made in a letter-book at Guildhall, to the effect that the atmosphere of the 'heynouse jail of Newgate' was fetid and corrupt. Sir Richard Whittington was Lord Mayor at the time, and he endeavoured to do something to mitigate the evil. There had been a separate prison for freemen in Ludgate; but Ludgate had been closed, and all kinds of prisoners, including 'citizens and other reputable persons,' were committed to Newgate; and many died 'who might have been living if they had remained in Ludgate, abiding in peace there.' Three years later, at his death, Whittington left money to effect an improvement, 'seeing that every person is sovereignly bound to support and be tender of the lives of men,' as it is said in his will. The prison thus improved was in existence at the time Howard wrote. The builders, he reports, seem to have regarded in their plan nothing but the single article of keeping prisoners in safe custody. Howard complains that the rooms and cells were so close as to be constant sources of infection. This old prison subsisted till it was burnt by the Gordon rioters in 1780, the present jail, which had been founded a few years before, being then in part completed on the southern or Old Bailey side of the gate. In spite of Lord Mayor Beckford's and Howard's efforts, Newgate continued for many years longer a disgrace to London."

As sheriffs, magistrates, and other dignitaries managed the prisons by farming them out to speculators, the speculators, in their turn, sought the maximum of profit, with the minimum of trouble. This was done by making friends of the only prisoners the jailers had to fear—the experienced criminals. It was they who ruled the inmates of the jail, and it was their morality which the jailers practically maintained. The pot-boy, the harlot, the professed gambler were constant visitors. A writer in 1705, who himself had been a prisoner in Newgate, gives a picture which he rightly entitles "A Glimpse of Hell." Mandeville, Fielding, and the "Newgate Calendar" give the same idea. One said that "Newgate was such an emblem of the 'infernal pit' as he never saw before." At one period, the infamous Jonathan Wild ruled the Common Side in Newgate. When he entered he put on a silk nightgown, an embroidered waistcoat, and a velvet cap. Under such authority, the vile old customs of prison life were stringently enforced. Every new comer had to pay "garnish," a sum of money to be spent in drink, and the first night of his arrival was celebrated by an orgy of drunkenness. Gaming and amusements of all sorts

were allowed. Indeed, there was scarcely a county jail without appliances for carrying out all the games in which gambling could by any means enter—cards and dice, "Mississippi," "Portobello," and billiard-tables, fives, tennis, and skittles. With the exception of the division in some prisons of felons and debtors, no separation was made between old and young, hardened criminals and first offenders: even men and women were often confined in the same apartment. Jails were in consequence seminaries of vice, and, as if to spread the mischief as quickly as possible, prisoners were allowed to have their families with them, and the public, with scarcely any restriction, to walk in and out. The overcrowding was horrible; so that, with no sewerage and with all cleanliness forgotten, the atmosphere of most prisons was pestiferous; and Howard soon found that he could not endure the stench of his clothes after coming out of a jail; and his very notebook was so tainted that he had to put it before the fire for some hours. Jail-fever, always more or less present in these foul dens, was peculiarly dangerous to persons who had been accustomed to the ordinary atmosphere. At the May Assize at the Old Bailey, in 1750, the Lord Mayor, two of the Judges, an alderman, the under-sheriffs, some of the jurymen, and several barristers took the infection, communicated by the prisoners standing in the court. About forty persons, including some of these dignitaries, quickly died. Another Lord Mayor, Winterbottom, died of this fever in 1752.

Newgate was bad enough; but for damp and dirt, though hardly for darkness, many country prisons were worse. In Durham Jail Howard found the prisoners shut up in two dark rooms, where the dirt had been lying for months. At Penrith the prisoners' room had not been opened for a month. In Plymouth Jail was a room called "The Clink," only 5½ ft. high, with no light or air except through a wicket in the door: in this black hole were three men who had been there for two months. In some jails the dungeons were underground, the descent being made by ladders, as at Thetford and Norwich. Even when dying of fever, prisoners often had nothing to sleep on but filthy straw. Any covering, when allowed, was left so long unchanged that it became mere rotten rags, and vermin of all kinds rioted in these human dustbins.

In most jails prisoners who had no means of their own were starved. The one or two pennyworth of bread allowed to felons, at one time representing a quantity sufficient for the day, was often eaten up at breakfast; and for the next twenty-

the jailer half a guinea for every convict he brought to his ship.

The Fleet Prison, in 1729, was in the hands of Thomas Bambridge. He, with a partner, had purchased the office of Warden for £5000 from one Huggins, who had paid that sum to Lord Clarendon for his interest in getting him the patent. Not content with the exorbitant rate charged for beds, Bambridge forced the tenants to receive other bedfellows. He kept spunging-houses, in which people paid enormously for lodging and food; he used art and stratagem to keep up the fees, and charged them six times over. He withheld the discharges of prisoners, and, on the other hand, helped other prisoners, owing vast sums to the Crown, to escape, having a private door of which he kept the key. He played tricks with the commitment books, entering only what he pleased. He confined prisoners in a vault intended for dead bodies, built over the sewer, where there was only light through a small hole. One prisoner was reduced to such an abject state that the poor wretch was ready to swear at random anything they wished, and to work for no pay. On another prisoner Bambridge put irons so tight that he was in perpetual torture. The wounds mortified, and he became a cripple for life. Several gentlemen—for nearly all the tyrant's victims were persons of position—in prison for debt were done to death by his cruelty. One, a Spanish merchant, having in his rooms effects which he considered worth £30,000, died, having appointed by will two of his fellow-prisoners trustees on behalf of his infant son. Bambridge turned one trustee out of doors, shut the other up in a dungeon, and then forced the door of the deceased merchant's room and took possession of the property.

There were similar abuses in the Marshalsea Prison, where, the Deputy Marshal having let the prison to William Acton for £140 a year, with the advantage of letting lodgings for £260 a year during seven years, the lessee practised all sorts of extortions on the unhappy prisoners who fell into his power. Prisoners who had paid exorbitantly for beds had to receive one or more bedfellows. Three hundred and thirty were shut up in batches of thirty or forty, every night, in wards not more than 16 ft. square. The prisoners not provided for by friends almost starved. In the women's sick-ward, many were found stretched without beds on the ground; in the men's ward, they were piled on boards, one over the other, with another row in hammocks overhead. Not a day passed without a death; eight or nine often died in twenty-four hours.

The Deputy Marshal and Acton possessed themselves of the charities given by private persons, and gave them, or not, as they chose, and to whom they chose. The moneys given to released prisoners were also diverted from their purpose, and even what was put into the begging-box. Some of the small debtors, urged by the pains of hunger, attempted to escape: then Bambridge tortured them with thumb-screws, iron collars, and other instruments; he even went the length of confining them in the deadhouse with corpses already dead four days. Certain prisoners were said to have died under these tortures; and Acton, who was a butcher by trade, was arraigned for the murder of a prisoner named Thomas Bliss. The judge and jury evidently thought it too dangerous a precedent to punish a jailer for such an offence, and Acton escaped condemnation. In like manner the only punishment inflicted on Bambridge was a short imprisonment.

John Howard's interest in the subject of prison reform next led him to visit foreign prisons on the Continent of Europe. His impressions of the French prisons, which he saw in 1775, were favourable. Nevertheless, we know from other sources that there were at Paris, at this time, both prisons and hospitals in a horrible condition. The Bicêtre, for example, was a mere human sewer, into which all kinds of unhappy men, women, and children were thrown. The galley-slaves and the condemned to death lay in underground dungeons, with no light save what came through a sighting hole in the wall. Lunatics were shut up, like wild beasts, in cages, chained, manacled, and half starved. This, it was said, was sometimes the

fate of the sane in Louis XIV.'s time. According to a story, difficult to verify now, Dubourg, a Dutch journalist, offended the King, and was shut up for life in a cage in the fortress of Mont Saint-Michel. There are accounts of the shocking cruelties inflicted in French prisons, both in the capital and in the provinces. "Even after the Revolution, the provincial jails were still, according to an official authority, 'pestiferous places, veritable sewers, foul dens, into which scarcely a breath of fresh air or a ray of light could penetrate; where men, women, and children were thrown together on a heap of rotten straw, and died of hunger and despair; and where the innocent and the guilty were so mingled that the unhappy victims came out with the germs of incurable disease, and with a tendency to crime.' In 1777 the torture of the boot was still inflicted in Paris. In that year Desrues, a poisoner, was subjected to it, and afterwards broken on the wheel.

In 1778 Howard was in Russia, and found the prisons there as overcrowded, dirty, and ill-managed as in England. The officials tried to deceive him; but Howard was not easily taken in, and satisfied himself that, though they took credit for abolishing the death-punishment, they effected it all the same by murderous flogging.

The spirit of the times permitted his entry into nearly every secular prison, but, notwithstanding all his patient endeavours, he could not get to see the dungeons of the Inquisition at Rome. He was equally unsuccessful at Lisbon and Madrid, though at the latter place he offered to be shut up in a cell of the Inquisition for a month.

Between 1773 and 1784 Howard traversed every country in Europe, except Turkey, visiting the jails in every capital and great city, spending £30,000 mainly in relieving the sick and giving freedom to the captive. In 1785 he made his fifth journey to the Continent, this time to examine the great lazaretti. Being refused admission into France, he disguised himself, managed to elude the police, made notes, and obtained drawings of the great lazaretto at Marseilles. He then visited those of Italy and Malta, and reached Smyrna, but returned in a foul ship, in order that he might experience what it was to be shut up in a lazaretto. In 1789 he started on his last journey, crossing Northern Germany, and on through St. Petersburg and Moscow to Cherson, where, in January 1790, he caught a fever in a self-sacrificing effort to save a young lady, already in the last stage of the disease. He died, and was buried in the village of Dauphiné, in the neighbourhood of Cherson, thousands of Russians following him to the grave.

Our Portrait of John Howard is a facsimile of an etching by Holloway, who had many opportunities of observing the great philanthropist at the Baptist Chapel in Little Wild-street.



THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE: SEARCHING THE DUNGEONS.

four hours there was nothing. Even water was very scantily allowed. As for the debtors, the law gave them the right to claim fourpence a day from their creditors; but it cost so much to enforce this claim that Howard did not find twelve persons enjoying its benefit. The theory was that the prisoners supported themselves by work; but work without tools was impossible, and, so far from these being supplied, in some jails all tools were forbidden, lest they should be used to effect an escape. Private charity sometimes mitigated their condition; but in most prisons the existence of the ordinary prisoner was one of slow starvation, so that, when brought to trial, they appeared half famished and in rags, and those who regained their freedom came out so infirm that they could not work for weeks. At times, prisoners sank into a state which was neither life nor death. At Hertford, Howard relates, a prisoner was brought out from a dungeon as dead; on being washed under the pump, he showed signs of life, and recovered. There were other instances of this kind.

Many persons were eager to take the office of jailer without any salary whatever, knowing that the fees and other perquisites they might extort from the prisoners would pay them: in some cases they had to pay a premium to get appointed, or to bribe heavily people of influence. The extraction of fees from the prisoners was a practice legally recognised; but the jailers, having their prisoners so completely in their power, could subject them to unlimited extortion. Among other cruelties they took upon themselves to inflict was putting prisoners in irons, and this power they turned into money, prisoners obtaining a dispensation in consideration of a money payment.

As jailers were held responsible for the safe custody of their prisoners, they considered themselves justified in using any means to prevent their escape. Thus, in the prison belonging to the Bishop of Ely, which was much dilapidated, the jailers chained their prisoners by a spiked iron collar round the neck to the floor, making them lie on a floor covered with iron bars, which ate into their flesh; to a heavy iron bar, crossing their legs, each man was fastened by a ring. In 1768 an Ely magistrate, Mr. James Collyer, found certain prisoners who had been kept in this position for nearly a year. He had a drawing made, and sent it to King George III. In spite of the dictum of the Judges, that it was not lawful to put irons on unconvicted persons, Howard, in 1773, found sick prisoners still in chains. He also found that, when prisoners were conveyed from one place to another, they were put in irons, and had thus to walk in torture fifteen or sixteen miles.

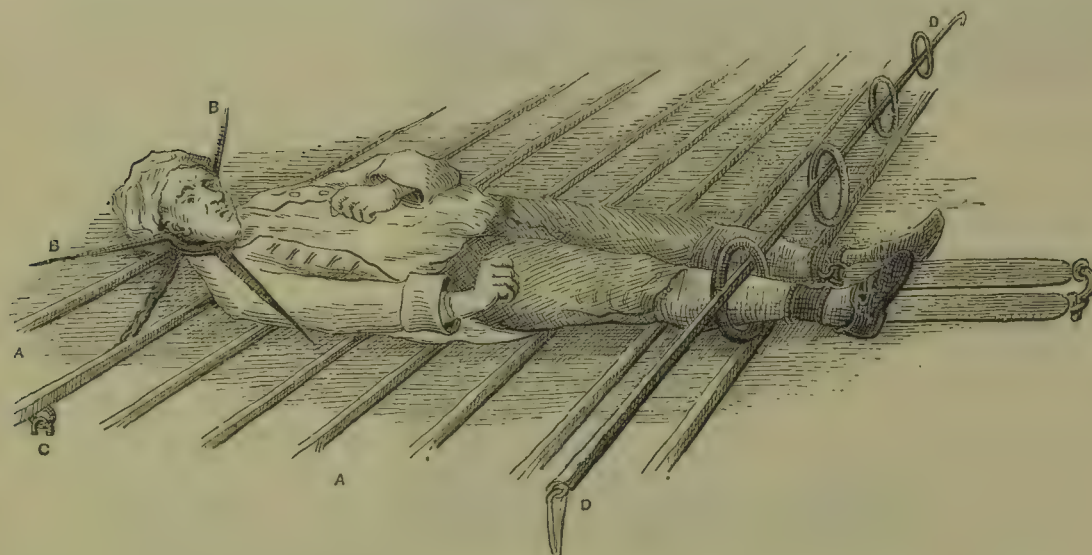
In one Metropolitan jail, the Southwark County Prison, the jailers managed the transportation of those to be sent abroad, which was done by contract, the merchant paying



CENTENARY OF JOHN HOWARD, THE PRISON REFORMER.



A COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS INQUIRING INTO THE CRUELITIES INFLICTED IN THE FLEET PRISON, 1729.  
After Hogarth.



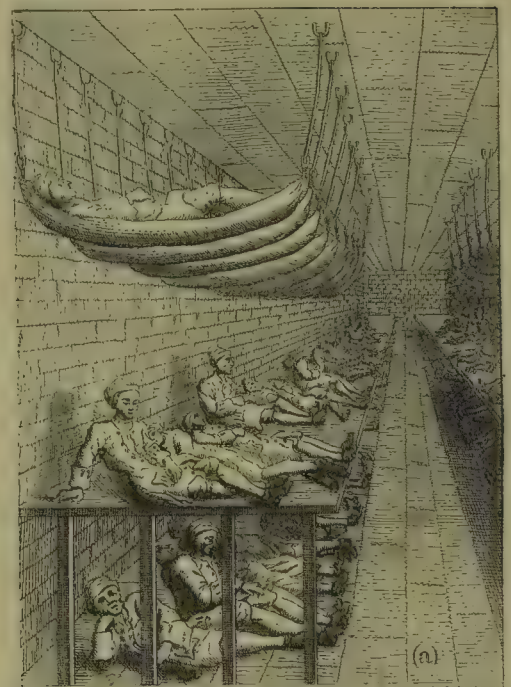
A A. Iron bars, nailed to floor, which entered the flesh; B B. Spikes 12 inches long fixed to a collar of iron 7½ lbs. in weight, preventing a prisoner from resting his head on the ground; C. Chain which fastened the prisoner to the ground; D. Heavy iron bar crossing his legs and fastened to one, so preventing him changing his posture.

TORTURE INFLICTED IN ELY PRISON IN 1768.

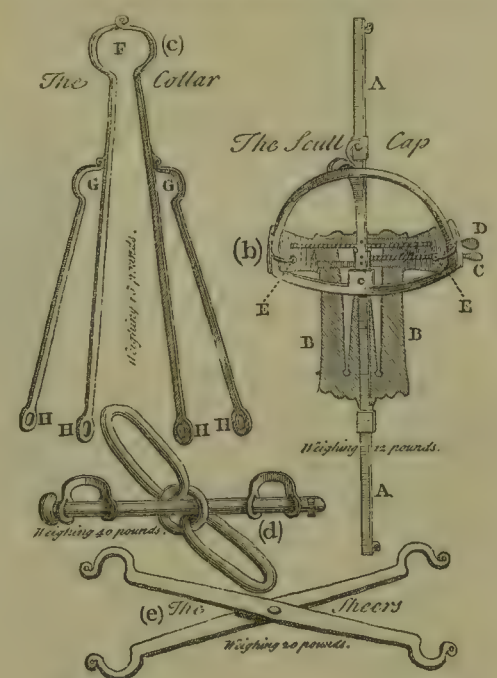


THE TORTURE OF THE BOOT AS APPLIED AT THE PRISON OF THE GRAND CHÂTELET, IN PARIS, IN 1777.

The Original Print is in the Collection Hennan.



THE CRUELITIES IN THE MARSHALSEA PRISON: THE SICK MEN'S WARD.



b. Skull-Cap; c. Collar; d. Heavy Fetters; e. Sheers.

THE CRUELITIES IN THE MARSHALSEA PRISON: INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.

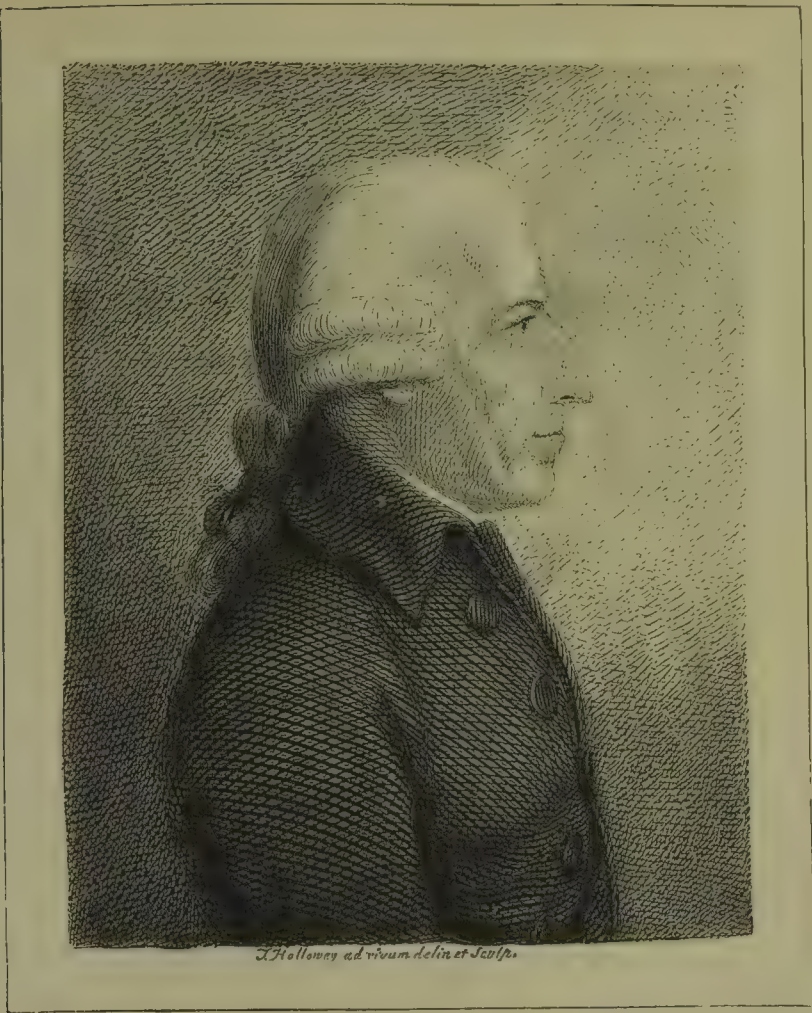


g. Sheers; h. Collar; i. Skull-Cap; k. Fetters.

THE CRUELITIES IN THE MARSHALSEA PRISON: MODE OF APPLYING THE TORTURE.



CENTENARY OF JOHN HOWARD, THE PRISON REFORMER.



*Holloway ad vivum delin et sculp.*

JOHN HOWARD.

*From the Life, by T. Holloway.*



DELIVERANCE OF A PRISONER SHUT UP FOR LIFE IN A CAGE  
IN THE FORTRESS OF MONT SAINT-MICHEL.



JOHN HOWARD VISITING AN ENGLISH PRISON.

*After a Print by Francis Wheatley, R.A.*



## PROPOSALS FOR A NEW CLASSIFICATION OF BOOKS.

It is the custom of the compilers of library catalogues and of catalogues of the best books to divide them off into sections representing the different departments of literary inquiry—botany, biology, Babylonian antiquities, Chinese metaphysics, conchology, geometry, and so on; and it is a custom which we must all commend as helpful to the student, the laborious compiler, and the patient editor. Yet there are other and even more useful divisions which, to the best of my knowledge, have not been attempted; certainly not on any adequate scale or complete system, though to that ubiquitous and immortal personage, the general reader, they would prove of immense advantage. For instance, if someone would but draw up an exhaustive list of "Books that need not be Read," or "Books that may be Forgotten," how much time it would save! How much unprofitable industry! How much vexation and weariness of spirit! Such a list, you will object, would be of enormous length; but what then? The list of "Books that must be Read" would be all the shorter; and, consequently, we should be able to examine its contents with greater thoroughness. And when we take it into consideration that our English printing presses—to say nothing of those of other countries—turn out their eight thousand books per annum, it is clear that some such differentiation as I am here proposing must soon become as absolute a necessity as the closure in the House of Commons. Matthew Arnold's hackneyed description of our country as "the weary Titan, bearing on shoulders immense, Atlantean, the load, well-nigh not to be borne," will apply with heartrending exactness to the English scholar. In my mind's eye I see him stumbling and sliding hither and thither under the "well-nigh not to be borne" burthen of Mudie's Library, the London Library, and the British Museum Library—tomes upon tomes, dusty folios and quartos, trim octavos, and diminutive duodecimos—theology and fiction, history and mystery, poetry and prose—a burthen which his immense Atlantean shoulders will eventually refuse to sustain.

The list of Books that Need not be Read will comprise, I suspect, a legion of those ponderous productions which enjoy a kind of spurious repute on account of their cobwebbed antiquity—which are yecept the best because they are so very old; though wine, perhaps, is the only thing that really improves by age. There are not wanting, in our own day, specimens of those mouldy bookworms whom Horace satirised as estimating the merit of a man's work by its years, and valuing nothing which Libitina has not consecrated. But we may dismiss these poor pedants compassionately to their obscure corners and out-of-the-way nooks, and leave them to such enjoyment as they can find in the seventeen volumes of Thomas Aquinas, or the twelve of Duns Scotus—folios, every one of them. We will not envy them the perusal of Peter Lombard's "Liber Sententiarum," or the nebulous philosophical treatises of Roscelin, William of Champeaux, and Peter Abelard (whom the world knows only as the lover of Héloïse). We will not begrudge them the barbarous Latinity of the "Corpus Juris Glossatum" of Accursius, or the bad grammar and worse history of Albertus Magnus—of whom it has justly been said that there was nothing great about him but his volumes—which would outweigh all the fictions of G. P. R. James, Mrs. Henry Wood, and Mrs. Oliphant put together. There are piles of such books under which Humanity has groaned long and loudly. Who cares nowadays for the "Theologia Platonica" of Marsilius Ficinus, and its misty theism; the "Compendium de Anima" of Avicenna; "The Golden Book" (innocent, so far as I can see, of a grain of precious metal) of Guevara; the "Rhodologia" of Johannes Rosenberg; the treatise on "Fate and Free-will" of Pomponatius? We could go on adding to the list *ad lib.* There are prosy commentaries by dull German pedants, theological disquisitions by narrow-minded monks or narrower-minded Calvinists, hagiologies stuffed full of miracles, metaphysical bubbles blown by the old schoolmen and rhetoricians, rhapsodies on the occult sciences, speculations on Stonehenge and Sun Worship and the origin of the Picts—all to be included in our new "Index Expurgatorius"; besides hundreds of bad novels, dreary plays, and worthless poems, commonplace essays, soporific sermons, political sophistries, philologies, reviews, art-criticisms, recollections of actors and singers, satires, burlesques, theosophical treatises, and other "amenities of literature." What a "tremendous clearance" might in time be effected!—so as to open up a direct and well-defined path through the jungle that now awaits the inquirer, and let the light of heaven into its gloomy recesses.

I would not disguise the difficulty of the task; but, if it be possible to compile a catalogue of the library of the British Museum or of the Bibliothèque du Roi, the classification which I propose may surely be effected. Perhaps a Royal Commission would be the proper instrument; only it would have to sit *en permanence*, and determine every year what and how many of the year's productions should be registered in its necrological tables! No doubt the members would have to be changed very frequently, as their occupation would be of so hazardous a nature that softening of the brain or other cerebral disease might probably result if it were too long persevered in. It would be necessary, I suspect, to pay them handsomely—and, I think, to pension them when they retire disabled—in order to secure a supply of really competent judges. They would find some relief, however, in filling up the section of "Books that Must be Read," those that contain "the precious life-blood" of master-spirits, "embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." But though the immortal lights that stud the firmament of literature are, like the planetary bodies in the old astronomical systems, limited in number, yet no list of the "Hundred Best Books," or two, or three, or even four hundred, would close the record. Happily, we cannot all at once sum up those treasures which age after age has handed down to its successors by a process of continual augmentation—those heirlooms of humanity which we will not part with until man's history on this earth shall be rounded off in eternity—those grand old books that are destined to immortality along with their authors—those masterpieces which, by the consent of all men, make up the world's intellectual assets.

From Moses and Homer, down to Æschylus, Sophocles, and Plato; to Cicero and Livy, Horace and Lucretius; to Dante, Chaucer, Petrarch, Ariosto, Ronsard; to Spenser, Shakespeare, Erasmus, Luther, Cervantes; and so down to the worthies of a later time—what a glorious record of wisdom and profound speculation, of subtle insight, of wit and humour, of the richest imagination and the deepest thought! We lesser stars may well be ashamed to twinkle when those great orbs flood the world with their everlasting radiance! It is easy to understand how poor man would have been without them! Think of the black void in all that enhances the joy of life if Shakespeare had never written—if there had been no "Divina Commedia," no "Novum Organum," or, to go further back, no Æneid, no "De Rerum Natura," no "Prometheus Bound," no Iliad! Consider how pitiful had been our condition if these copious sources of intellectual

activity had never been opened up to us! I may not linger, however, over these suggestions. Enough to thank God that, through the labour of our philosophers and poets and great teachers, we have become "heirs of truth and pure delight." These are the "Books that Must be Read," the "Rememberable Books," which create for us "a substantial world, both pure and good."

But in addition to these two important sections—with subsections, perhaps, in the latter, particularising which books are to be tasted, which swallowed, and which "chewed and digested"—there should be a chapter reserved for "Seasonable Books." Books to be read "when Spring comes up this way"—books full of hope, of vernal promise, of the early gladness of things, of joyous expectancy, and the strenuousness of youth—books such as Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," Boccaccio's "Decameron," the "Idylls" of Theocritus, Keats's "Endymion," and Shelley's "Skylark." Books for Summer—marked by breadth of reflection and mellowness of feeling, flushed with the splendour of the sunshine, radiant in the glory of colour, breathing of the fragrance of the roses, and echoing with the music of lark and thrush and nightingale—books such as Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Shakespeare's dream in the Forest of Arden, Ariosto's romance of Orlando and Angelica, and the philosophy which Plato taught in the groves of Academe. Autumn books—loaded with ripe thought, with the harvest of a quiet eye, and the golden grain gathered in fields of serious speculation—books such as Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living," Browne's "Religio Medici," Pascal's "Pensées," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and Browning's "Columb's Birthday." Books for the winter fireside—books with a warmth in their pages which will kindle a living glow in the heart of the reader—books which will breed in him a tender sympathy with his fellow-men—such as the "Pilgrim's Progress," Montaigne's Essays, "Don Quixote," and the "Essays of Elia."

Next, we must have a chapter, as, I think, Hazlitt has somewhere suggested, of "Books Suitable for Different Places"—books to be read by the sounding shore or in the pathless woods (for the former, Swinburne's book of sea-lyrics; for the latter, Shelley's "Alastor" immediately suggest themselves); books for gay garden-plots and bowers, such as Cowley's or Bacon's Essays, or Tennyson's "English Idylls," or Dumas's airy romances; books for the mountain glen and the streamlet's side, the purpling orchard and the meadow-croft; books for here, there, and everywhere. The right book at the right moment and in the right place is as essential to human contentment as any of the everyday comforts of life; and it is quite a mistake to suppose that all books are equally helpful and profitable under all conditions of time and locality. Perhaps if this truth were recognised there would be less atrabilious criticism and sour depreciation; since the faults we gird at are often not so much in the book itself as in the circumstances under which it comes before us. There are books, for instance, which, to be fairly judged, should be read by the critic after dinner—postprandial books, as one might venture to call them; there are others over which he might trifle at the breakfast-table. There are some which a man can stomach only when he is in robust health; others which are happily fitted to regale him in the hours of convalescence. Some which should be taken at bedtime as sedatives or soporifics; and others which will wake up the drowsiest intellect. Obviously, something like a scientific precision is needed in the adaptation of books to our varying moods and needs.

Lastly, we must have a section of Moral Medicine—of "Therapeutic Books"—books that will brace up a man's nerves, steady his conscience, purge his vision, strengthen his perception of right and wrong. In every library a shelf should be devoted to such books as these—namely, the biographies of great and good men, and their own records of personal experience; devotional works of the higher type, such as the "De Imitatione Christi," Bishop Wilson's "Sacra Privata," Bishop Andrewes's "Devotions," F. W. Robertson's "Sermons"; devout poetry, such as Herbert's, Vaughan's, Crashaw's, Milton's, Keble's, and Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius"; narratives of missionary adventure, of travel, and exploration; and heroic books—that is, all books that tell of courageous effort, of patient endurance, of stern suppression of man's coarser nature. Without yielding to fanciful exaggeration, I think it would not be difficult to distinguish anodyne books, adapted to soothe a wounded spirit and pacify a rebellious heart; cathartic books, which will act vigorously on a man's selfishness, and cleanse his system of its grosser humours; stimulant books, warranted to rouse the lethargic and infuse activity into the circulation of the indifferent; and tonic books, strongly recommended for sustaining the feeble knees and reviving the failing heart. A good dose of Carlyle, for example, is frequently useful when the nerves are in a morbid state. I have known a case of moral flabbiness cured by the administration of a few chapters of Foxe's "Acts of the Martyrs." A fit of the megrims will generally yield to a fair trial of Froissart's "Chronicles." But on the hygiene of books Mr. Augustine Caxton has discoursed at length; and it is enough for me now to indicate its value, and to insist that, in the New Classification which I have the honour to propose, a separate department shall be devoted to it. W. H. D.-A.

Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany were among the philanthropic ladies who crowded Grosvenor House on March 6 to attend a concert in aid of that much-needed charity the Bishop of Bedford's Home for the Friendless and Destitute Women of Whitechapel. The music was well chosen and admirably performed. Among the artists were Madame Semon Raedecker, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Salmond, Miss Blanche Murray, Mr. Hirwen Jones, and Mr. Tivadar Nachez.

The annual meeting of supporters of the Royal General Theatrical Fund was held on March 6 in the saloon of the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. Thomas Swinbourne in the chair. The report and statement of accounts which were submitted showed that the receipts for the past year had been £2756, including £443 from members' subscriptions. The expenditure account showed that the amount paid to annuitants had been £2269, and that the balance added to capital was £68. On the motion of Mr. Henry Neville, seconded by Mr. Lionel Rignold, the report and statement of accounts were adopted. Various officers having been re-elected, the meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Irving for the interest he had taken in the fund.

The Board of Trade have awarded their bronze medal for gallantry in saving life at sea to William Elbank Murray and Quintin A. Rhodes, apprentices on board the ship Northbrook, of London, in recognition of their gallantry in going aloft in a hurricane off Cape Horn, on March 3, 1885, to clear away the wreckage of the main and mizzen masts, which endangered the safety of the vessel and the lives of her crew.—The Board have received, through the Foreign Office, a silver commemorative medal which has been awarded by the Italian Government to Mr. Henry Parry, master of the brigantine Elbenzer Parry, of Carnarvon, in recognition of his services in receiving on board his vessel, and conveying to Monte Video, the shipwrecked crew of the Italian brigantine Entella, which was wrecked in the Atlantic on May 27, 1889.

## AMERICA REVISITED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

### FULTON FERRY, NEW YORK.

Long Island, though included in the State of New York, is large enough to have formed a separate State, being 140 miles long, and its situation, opposite the southern shore of Connecticut, might have caused it to be reckoned one of the New England States. But having no good harbours, and not much fertility of soil, it could attain little independent prosperity; and its south-western shores, easily reached from the great neighbouring city, have rather a suburban character. Here are several favourite places of seaside holiday resort, one of which is Rockaway, open to the cool breezes of the Atlantic Ocean. The city of Brooklyn, with more than half a million of inhabitants, is divided from New York city by a marine strait, a genuine arm of the sea, which the New Yorkers choose inadequately to style "the East River." Their West River, of course, is the Hudson; and their North River should be the navigable creek, eight miles long, called the Harlem River, which cuts off the isle of Manhattan or New York from the mainland.

Brooklyn is a fine town, occupying high ground which commands a noble view of the harbour of New York; its streets are wide and well kept, its avenues and squares planted with trees, and it possesses a stately City Hall, built of marble, with a lofty dome, at the head of Fulton-street, and other public edifices, many handsome churches, and literary and charitable institutions. The waterside is occupied by docks, shipbuilding yards, warehouses, and factories; the United States Navy Yard and Marine Barracks are situated here. Greenwood Cemetery, to the south of Brooklyn, overlooks the sea, and being laid out as a park, with groves and ponds and winding roads, has an agreeable aspect. Prospect Park, belonging to Brooklyn, rivals in beauty the Central Park of New York, and has, indeed, greater natural advantages: it is as large as Hyde Park in London.

The East River is now crossed by the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, a great engineering work, described at the time of its completion. The South and Fulton steam-ferris, however, continue in operation: they are connected with lines of tram-cars running from Broadway, in New York, and to Fulton-street and other parts of Brooklyn. Passengers on board one of these ferry-boats afford the subject of our Artist's Sketches.

### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

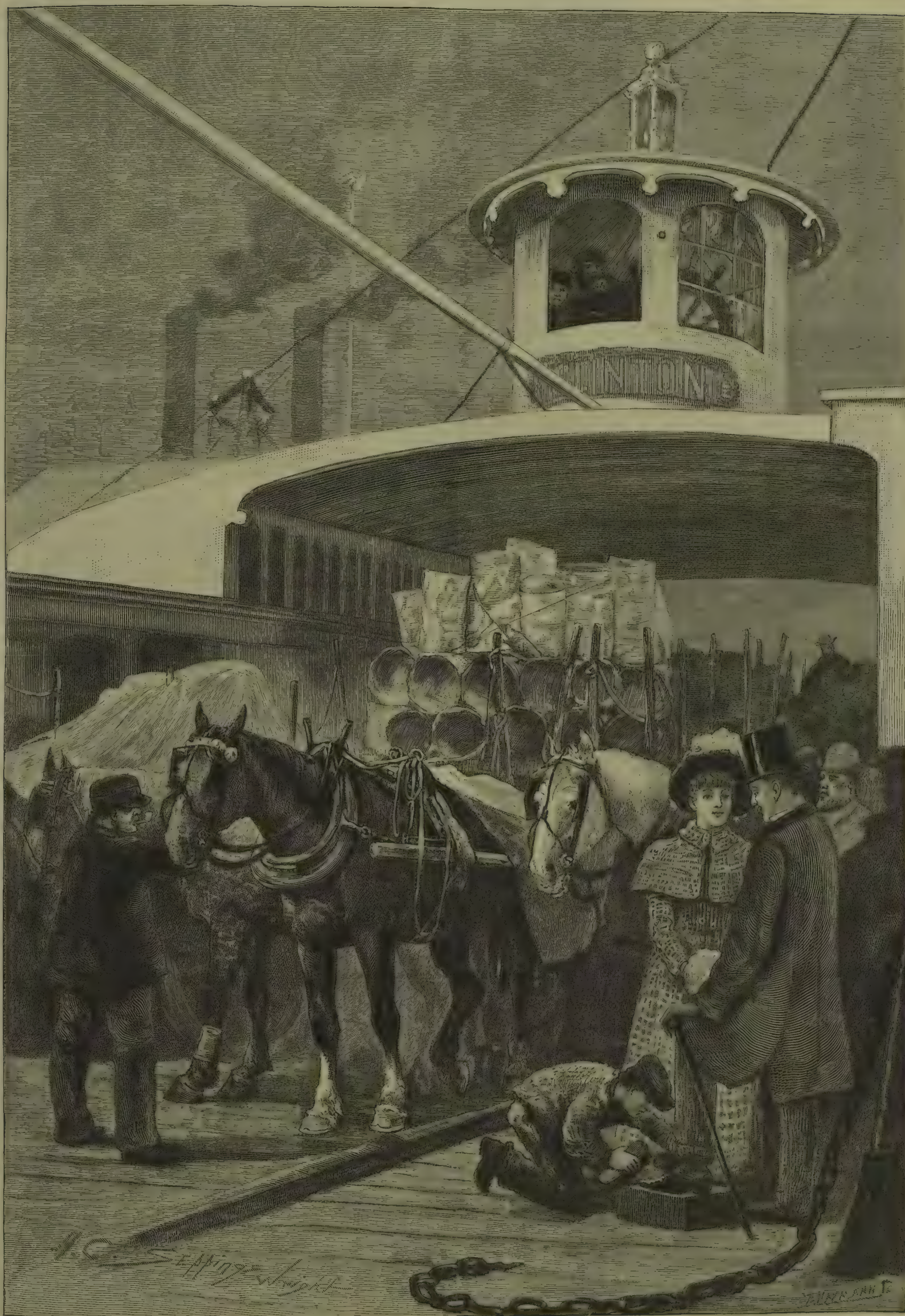
"Album Lyrique" is the title of a set of seven vocal pieces composed by Jacques Blumenthal to French words by various hands. The original text and an English version are associated with the music. No. 1, "La Première" ("First Love"), is a graceful and expressive piece of vocal melody, with a pianoforte accompaniment of more than ordinary interest. No. 2, "Chanson de Mer," has nothing particularly nautical in its style, but is fairly suggestive of the calm implied in the text. No. 3 is a Persian love-song, entitled "Tchadja," and is very striking in the characteristic rhythm of the musical phrasing, the accompaniment being well in keeping therewith. No. 4, "Le Vase Brisé," tells the story of a broken goblet with its fading flowers, the music being of an appropriately expressive nature in its gentle grace. No. 5, a Breton song, "Chanson de Marie," has a tender seriousness, free from oppressive gloom. No. 6, "La Valse des Feuilles," is of a sprightly character, the implied dance style being well preserved without being commonplace. The seventh, and last, of these pieces is a duet entitled "Le Scrupule," in which the voices are pleasantly associated in melodious strains that alternate between the rhythms of three-four and common time. Messrs. Patey and Willis are the publishers of this charming series of vocal compositions.

Mr. Joseph Williams is publishing a series of songs composed by M. Massenet, who has obtained eminence by several dramatic works produced for the French operatic stage, his "Le Roi de Lahore" having been given (in Italian) at our Royal Italian Opera-house. No. 10 of the series, now referred to, is the "Chanson de Don César," in which the Spanish style is very successfully used. Both the French text and an English version are given. Mr. J. Williams also issues a series of "Operatic Pieces," for violin and pianoforte; adapted from popular operas by Mr. H. Farmer. No. 10 of these is based on favourite themes in Balfe's "Siege of Rochelle." The arrangement is well adapted for the effective display of both instruments without offering more than very moderate difficulties to each. "Aus Jugendzeit" ("Youthful Days") is a collection of ten small pianoforte pieces, by T. Kirchner, in which comparative simplicity of style and freedom from executive difficulty are conjoined with pleasing melody and interesting treatment. Both for the improvement of mechanical skill and artistic taste, these pieces should prove widely acceptable to young performers, while being by no means unworthy the attention of more matured executants.

From Messrs. Paterson and Sons (of Edinburgh) we have received "The Cameronian's Dream," a ballad for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra, a composition by Mr. Hamish MacCunn which has recently been produced with much success in Scotland. As it will, we believe, soon have to be spoken of with reference to its London performance, we need now only say that it is published by Messrs. Paterson and Sons in a handy and inexpensive form, neatly engraved and printed, the orchestral accompaniments arranged for the pianoforte. Another publication by the same firm is a series of ten songs, entitled "With our Little Folks," the words by D. W. Thomson, the music by Allan Macbeth. The style of both is bright and simple, and well calculated to interest youngsters. "Easter Eve" is the title of a sacred song, by Gounod, in which the voice part is full of charming sentiment of a serious kind. The effect will be much enhanced by the use of obligati parts for violin and organ in addition to the pianoforte accompaniment.

"In Foreign Lands" is the title of a set of six pianoforte duets, in which the characteristic styles of various nationalities are very effectively embodied in music that will interest the players without much demand on their executive powers. Mr. C. Woolhouse, of Regent-street, is the publisher, as also of "Kinder-Album," a series of six very easy pianoforte pieces for beginners. The music is bright and tuneful, and is within the accomplishment of the most juvenile students. From the same publisher we have seven pieces for the pianoforte by Gustav Ernest, whose music we have before had occasion to commend. That now referred to is replete with marked character, and distinguished by a somewhat rare avoidance of stereotyped conventionalism. Three trios for female voices with pianoforte accompaniment, composed by I. A. De Orellana, should be widely acceptable in drawing-room circles. Their titles are "You spotted snakes," "From Oberon in Fairyland," and "Here in cool grot." That the text has been previously used by other composers need be no disparagement to these bright pieces, which are published by Mr. C. Woolhouse.





AMERICA REVISITED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST: FULTON FERRY, NEW YORK.



## OBITUARY.

## LORD THOMAS HAY.

The Rev. Lord Thomas Hay, formerly Rector of Rendlesham, Suffolk, died at his residence, Villa Flora, Nice, on Feb. 23, in his ninetieth year. He was the fifth son of George, seventh Marquis of Tweeddale, by his wife, Hannah Charlotte, third daughter of the seventh Earl of Lauderdale. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of M.A. in 1823, and, entering holy orders, became Rector of Rendlesham, which he held from 1831 to 1873. His Lordship married, Aug. 29, 1833, Harriet, second daughter of Sir Alexander Kinloch, eighth Baronet, and had issue two sons and three daughters, who are all deceased.

## SIR EDWARD BAINES.

Sir Edward Baines, late M.P. for Leeds, and proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury*, died on March 2, at his residence, St. Ann's Hill, near Leeds. He was born in 1800, the second son of the late Mr. Edward Baines, M.P. for Leeds, by Charlotte, his wife, daughter of the late Mr. Matthew Talbot, of Leeds, and brother of the late Right Hon. M. T. Baines, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He was President of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes from 1837 to 1887, and was Chairman of the Council of Yorkshire College from 1881 to 1886. He was a magistrate and a Deputy Lieutenant for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and represented Leeds from 1859 to 1874 in the Liberal interest. Sir Edward, who was author of "The History of the Cotton Manufacture" and other works, married, in 1829, Martha, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Blackburn, of Liverpool, which lady died in 1881.

## THE HON. AND REV. HUGH TOLLEMACHE.

The Hon. and Rev. Hugh Francis Tollemache, Rector of Harrington, Northants, died on March 2, aged eighty-seven. He was the fourth son of William, Lord Huntingtower, son of Louisa, Countess of Dysart, and brother of Lionel, seventh Earl of Dysart. He was educated at Harrow and at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1831, and, entering holy orders, became Rector of Harrington in the following year. He married, June 22, 1824, Matilda, fifth daughter of Mr. Joseph Hume, of Notting-hill, and had issue five sons and four daughters. His second daughter, Louisa, is widow of Colonel the Right Hon. Edward Taylor of Ardglillan Castle, M.P. for the county of Dublin.

## GENERAL GOODWYN, C.B.

General Julius Edmund Goodwyn, C.B., Colonel of the Welsh Regiment, died on March 4, at Bath. He was born in 1824, and was son of the late Mr. Wildman Goodwyn of Blackheath. He entered the Army as ensign in 1844, became Captain in 1850, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1854, Colonel in 1858, Major-General in 1868, Lieutenant-General in 1877, and General in 1881. He served with distinction in the Eastern Campaign of 1854-5, including the battles of Alma and Inkerman and the siege and fall of Sebastopol, and received in reward a medal with three clasps, the fifth class of the Medjidieh, and the Turkish medal. He was decorated with the Companionship of the Bath in 1857. He married, in 1858, a daughter of Captain Kent, of the Royal Navy. She died in 1884.

We have also to record the deaths of—  
Mr. Leopold Lewis, the adapter of "The Bells," "The Wandering Jew," and other plays, suddenly, on Feb. 23.  
Mr. Edward Shirley Trevor, barrister-at-law, on March 1, at his residence, 10, Mount-street-crescent, Dublin.  
Lieutenant-General William Forbes MacBean, late of the 13th Light Infantry, suddenly, on Feb. 26, at Ashbourne, Derbyshire, aged sixty-eight.  
Admiral William Ellis, R.N., on Feb. 25, at 11, Marlborough Buildings, Bath, in his eighty-fifth year. He entered the Royal Navy in the year 1819.  
Lady Henrietta Jane St. Maur, youngest daughter of Edward Adolphus, eleventh Duke of Somerset, on March 2, at Ashton Lodge, Reading, aged eighty-one.  
Mr. Aldborough Lloyd-Williams of Glan-yr-afon, Cardigan-shire, late of the Bombay Medical Staff, on Feb. 25, in his sixtieth year.  
Mr. Hamilton Sabine Pasley, formerly of the Cape Mounted Rifles, son of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Sabine Pasley, Bart., K.C.B., at Southsea, on Feb. 28, aged fifty-three.  
Mrs. Digby-Boycott (Elizabeth Anne), widow of Mr. Simon Digby-Boycott of Osberstown, in the county of Kildare, on Feb. 28, at Pau, France, aged eighty-four.  
Lady Palmer (Isabella), widow of Sir James Frederick Palmer, formerly President of the Legislative Council of Victoria, and youngest daughter of Mr. John Gunning, C.B., on Feb. 23, in her eighty-third year.  
Mr. Thomas William Saunders, one of the Metropolitan Police Magistrates, on Feb. 28, at Bournemouth, aged seventy-six. He was a barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, and was Recorder of Bath from 1860 to 1878.  
Mr. George Borman Skipworth of Moortown House, in the county of Lincoln, on Feb. 25, aged seventy. He was a barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, and a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for Lincolnshire.  
Lady Boyd (Alice Emily Barbara), on Feb. 23, in Dublin, aged forty-nine. She was the only daughter of the late Rev. Heneage Drummond, M.A., Rector of Leckhamsted, and married, Jan. 24, 1872, the Rev. Sir Frederick Boyd, sixth and last Baronet, who died Feb. 13, 1889.  
Colonel Montagu Hope, late of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, on March 1, in Edinburgh, aged forty-five. He was the fourth son of the late Mr. George William Hope of Luffness, M.P. for Windsor, by his wife, the Hon. Caroline Montagu, daughter of the second Lord Montagu of Boughton. He entered the Army in 1862, and retired in 1886. He served in the Egyptian War of 1882, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir (medal with clasp and Khedive's star).  
Julia, Lady Dodsworth, on Feb. 26, at her residence, Cowling Hall, near Bedale. She was the widow of Sir Matthew Dodsworth, fourth Baronet, of Newland Park, Yorkshire, and daughter of Colonel Crowder, K.H., Royal Welsh Fusiliers, of Brotherton, in the county of York.  
The Hon. Mrs. Thomas Liddell (Caroline Elizabeth), at 3, Granville-place, Portman-square, on March 4, in her ninety-first year. She was the eldest daughter of George, fifth Viscount Barrington, and widow of the Hon. Thomas Liddell, brother of the first Earl of Ravensworth.  
Amelia, Countess of Lauderdale, third daughter of Mr. William Young, of Rio de Janeiro, and widow of Admiral Thomas, eleventh Earl of Lauderdale, G.C.B., on Feb. 18. Her marriage took place in 1823, and her only surviving child is the present Countess of Meath.  
George William Hatchell, M.D., Physician in Ordinary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Inspector-General of Lunatic Asylums there, on Feb. 19, in his eighty-first year. He was nephew of the late Right Hon. John Hatchell of Portfield House, Terenure, M.P., Attorney-General for Ireland.  
General John Liptrott, of the Bengal Infantry, on Feb. 25, at Southsea, aged seventy-seven. He entered the Army in 1829, and attained the rank of General in 1888. He served throughout the Afghanistan campaign in 1842, and in the Sulej campaign in 1846, for which he received two medals, with clasps.  
Vice-Admiral Arthur Lukis Mansell, at Chalcis, Euboea, Greece, on Feb. 28, at the age of seventy-four years. He had received the Crimean and Turkish medals, the clasp for Sebastopol, and the Order of the Fifth Class of the Medjidieh. He became Commander in 1855, Captain in 1865 (retiring the following year), Rear-Admiral, 1881; and Vice-Admiral, 1888.  
Lady Caroline Letitia Monck, at her residence, 61, Pembroke-road, Dublin, on March 1, aged sixty-seven. She was the seventh daughter of Henry, first Earl of Rathdowne and second Viscount Monck (the Earldom became extinct on his death in 1848), by Frances, his wife, daughter of the first Earl of Clancarty.  
The Finsbury Polytechnic has received grants of £105 from the Mercers' Company, and of £50 from the Grocers' Company.  
In reply to the memorial asking that the pension granted to the late Dr. Oswald Livingstone should be continued to his widow, Viscount Grimston, M.P., has been informed that the Queen approves of the grant of a Civil List pension of £50 a year to Mrs. Kate L. Livingstone.

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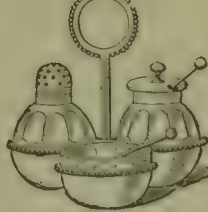
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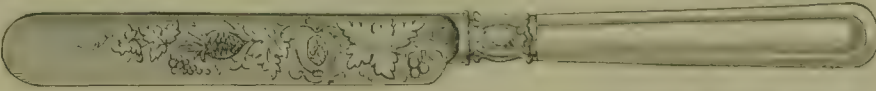


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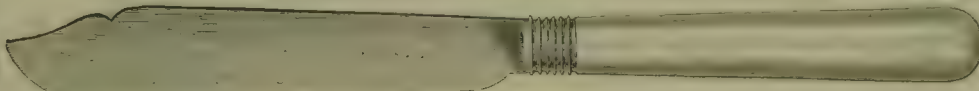


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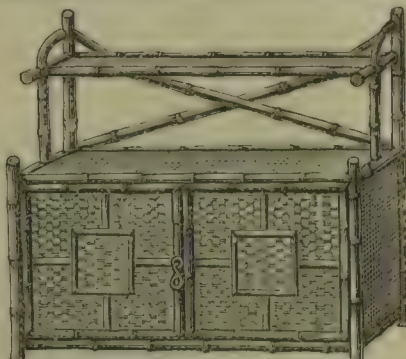
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1889) of Mr. Henry Cox, late of Liverpool, and of Dutton Lodge, Preston Brook, Cheshire, merchant, who died on Dec. 22 last, at Southampton, was proved in London on March 4 by Mrs. Rose Anna Godfrey Cox, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £100,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife all his wealth and estate of whatever kind or description, in the fullest confidence that she will dispose of same according to his wishes, expressed either verbally or in writing, to the best of her ability.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1890) of Mr. Edwin Curtis Goad, of Hackbridge House, Carshalton, Surrey, who died on Jan. 17, has just been proved by his two sons, William Thomas Goad and Edwin Henry Lumb Goad, and Murray Johnson, the executors, the personal estate being valued at over £96,000. After various pecuniary legacies to his executors and servants, and to the Female Orphan Asylum at Beddington, and an annuity to his widow, the testator gives Hackbridge House, and the freehold land therewith, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and after her death to his eldest son, William Thomas Goad, absolutely. The residue of his property, real and personal, is to be divided equally among his children.

The will (dated May 22, 1886), with two codicils (dated Aug. 11, 1886, and July 18, 1888), of Mr. Frederick John Leather, late of Middleton Hall, Belford, Northumberland, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on March 1 by Gerald Frederick Towlerton Leather, the son, the Hon. George Edwin Lascelles, William Sheepshanks, and the Rev. John Vodin Walters, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £84,000. The testator charges his Northumberland estates with £800 per annum as a jointure for his wife, Mrs. Gertrude Leather; and he bequeaths to her £10,000 Consols and £1000; £500 to his son Gerald; £250 to each of his other executors; and there are one or two other bequests. The Friary, Tickhill, Yorkshire, he gives to his wife, for life, and then to his second son, Percival. Under the power given to him by the will of his father, he appoints, out of the proceeds of the sales of the Leventhorpe estate, Yorkshire, and the Shirland estate, Derbyshire, £2000 to each of his children other than his eldest son, and the remainder of such proceeds to his eldest son, Gerald. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves £6000 to each of his children, other than the son who succeeds to the Northumberland estates, and the income of the ultimate

residue is to be applied in the maintenance and education of his children, and, on the youngest attaining twenty-one, or, if a daughter, marrying, the capital is to be divided between his sons other than the one who succeeds to the Northumberland estates.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1881), with a codicil (dated Nov. 19, 1885), of the Hon. Mrs. Katharine Mary Bruce, late of St. James's Palace, who died on Dec. 3 last, at the Victoria Railway Station, was proved on Feb. 27 by John Archibald Shaw Stewart, the brother, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £76,000. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 each to Elma Lady Thurlow, and the person who at her death shall be Earl of Elgin and Kincardine; £5000 each to her godson, the Hon. Robert Bruce, her godchild, Mary Elma Thurlow Bruce, her niece, Agnes Shaw Stewart, and her nephew, the Rev. Charles Robert Shaw Stewart; and other legacies. There are specific bequests to the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine and Sir Michael Robert Shaw Stewart of articles of jewellery, &c., presented to her by the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales. The residue of her property she gives to her brother, John Archibald Shaw Stewart.

The will (dated Oct. 25, 1883), with a codicil (dated April 12, 1886), of the Hon. Henrietta Hanbury Tracy, late of 28, Chesham-place, who died on Jan. 28 last, was proved on Feb. 27 by the Rev. Frederick Peel, the Hon. and Rev. Maurice Ponsonby, and Lord Sudeley, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £74,000. The testatrix bequeaths £6000 to her niece the Hon. Juliana Sophia Elizabeth Hanbury Tracy; £4000, upon trust, for her said niece, for life, and then for her (testatrix's) niece the Hon. Madeleine Emily Augusta Ponsonby; £8000 to her last-named niece; £15,000 to her niece the Hon. Adelaide Frances Isabella Peel; £12,000, upon trust, for her niece the Hon. Georgiana Henrietta Emma Maude, for life, and then for her daughter, Lilian Selina Maude; and there are further bequests to them and to other relatives. There are also legacies to her executors and to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her said niece the Hon. Adelaide F. I. Peel.

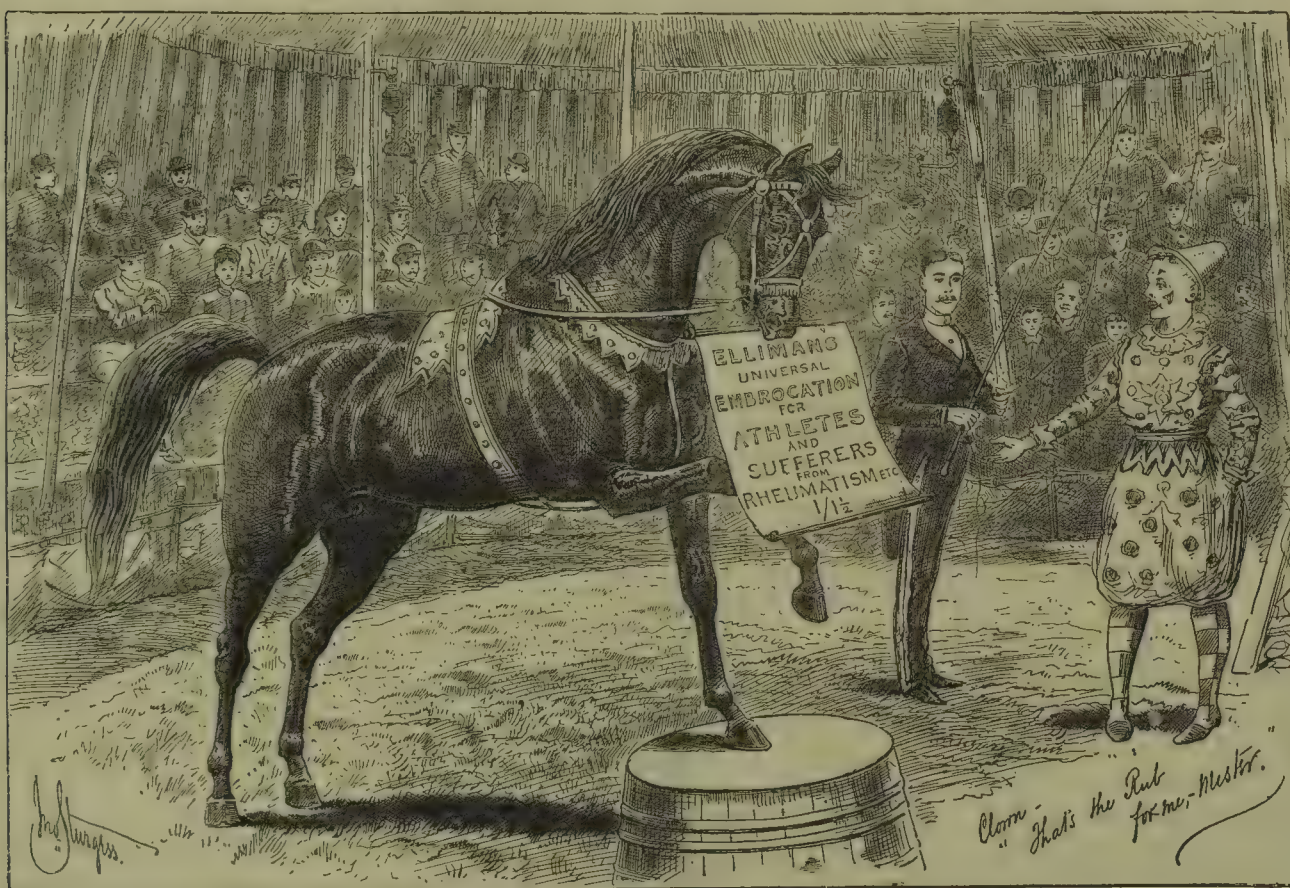
The will (dated June 4, 1887) of the Rev. Henry Dawson, formerly of Hopton, Suffolk, and late of Torquay, who died on Dec. 21 last, was proved on Feb. 21 by the Rev. William Dawson and Frederick Dawson, the sons, and Francis Dollman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £66,000. The testator bequeaths 9800 Mexican

bonds equally between his sons, William and Frederick, and his grandson, Henry Philip Dawson; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter-in-law, Harriet Emma Dawson, for life, and then for his said grandson; £1000 Consols to his nephew, Frederick Hill Dawson; £50 for the benefit of the poor of the parish of Bunwell, and £30 for the benefit of the poor of the parish of Hopton, both to be laid out at the discretion of his executors; and a few other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his said two sons.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1876) of Mrs. Elizabeth Augusta Peachey, late of Hornsey-lane, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on Feb. 17 by the Misses Ellen and Ada Fanny Peachey, the daughters, and Thomas William Denby, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. With the exception of a legacy of £100 to her executor, Mr. Denby, the provisions of testatrix's will are wholly in favour of her daughters, Ellen Peachey, Emma Strangeways, Alice Duval, Elizabeth Augusta Crouch, and Ada Fanny Peachey.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1888) of Mrs. Jane Edey, late of 3, Cumberland-place, Regent's Park, who died on Jan. 22, was proved on Feb. 17 by Admiral William Henry Edey, Francis Phillips, Malcolm de Saumarez Edey, the nephew, and William John Charles Pitcher, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths £4000, upon trust, for Mrs. Bessie Elson Edey Pitcher, for life, and then for her four children; £1000 to Mrs. Mary Phillips; and numerous legacies to goddaughters and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her adopted son, Admiral William Henry Edey.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1888), with a codicil (dated Nov. 15, 1889), of General John Hope Wingfield, Colonel of the East Yorkshire Regiment, late of the Albany, Piccadilly, who died on Feb. 3, was proved on Feb. 27 by Wilfrid Philip Ward, the nephew, and William Arthur Willoughby, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. After giving a few legacies, the testator leaves one third of the residue of his estate and effects, real and personal, to his sister Frances Mary Ward, absolutely; one third, upon trust, for his sister Elizabeth Letitia Buckersfield, for life, and then for his nephews and nieces, Wilfrid Ward, Bernard Ward, Emily Ward, Gertrude Cadogan, and Gertrude Edith Mary Wingfield; and the remaining third, upon trust, for his brother, Philip James Wingfield, for life, and then for his said nephews and nieces.



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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

"What next?" the old-fashioned may well cry, when they read a serious discussion as to whether ladies should begin to ride across the horses' backs; and when they are informed that a lady in Bournemouth has actually appeared so seated. It cannot be denied that the proposal has grown out of a gradual, slow alteration of women's riding clothing; it is, that is to say, a clear case of evolution. In the pictures of the Queen in riding costume, which date from the early days of her married life, nearly half a century ago, one sees a habit trailing so near the ground that it is wonderful how the horse avoided stepping on it. A broad-brimmed hat, with a long veil flowing behind it, balanced the superfluous trail of skirt; and the tolerably close-fitting bodice was the only workmanlike part of the entire costume. Such a dress undoubtedly must have been as uncomfortable and unsafe, and in every way disadvantageous, as could well be imagined. Not only would the absurdly long skirt gather dust and mud, but the weight of it clinging round the figure and hanging over the hips must have immensely increased the fatigue of a ride of any length. It is trying enough to have to drag a heavy train after one; but at least the floor in part relieves that burden, while the weight of the riding-skirt, as the wearer rose in the saddle, would entirely fall on her own muscular system in the particularly delicate region of the waist. Then that broad-brimmed hat, with its trailing veil: fancy riding against the wind in that headgear! How it must have felt as though the wearer's very scalp was being pulled off by the resistance of the flap of the hat and the flag-like gossamer streaming out behind! Talk about a handicap! Why, a fifteen-stone man

on a rotund cob must have been better fitted for a rapid ride than a slender woman so clad on a fleet hunter.

But for the last ten years, or a little more, the case has been entirely different. The short, workmanlike habit has scarcely reached below the ankle when the wearer was seated, and the neat, close-fitting little hat has really clung of itself to the head. No improvement in dress can be suggested so long as the side-saddle is maintained. One very rarely hears, nowadays, of a woman being hung up by her habit, which was so common an accident of old. But still it occurs now and then, and in so far the advocates of cross-riding in "divided skirts" or trousers are justified. Furthermore, they argue that the side seat is a strained and unnatural position, wearisome to the back of the rider; and that it is less safe, because the side seat must be kept by balance exclusively, without the grip of the knees which is sometimes so precious an aid to the rider's safety.

In favour of this view must be taken the experience of two famous women travellers, Ida Pfeiffer and Miss Isabella Bird. They both record that, in their long day rides in desert or uncivilised lands, they adopted the cross position, and found the fatigue much less than the orthodox lady's saddle entails. This evidence replies to the opinions of certain medical correspondents of the *Field*, that cross-riding is dangerous and injurious to the female frame. Such "expert" statements have to be received with great reserve. Doctors are but men like others, and are apt to support their half-unconscious prejudices by hasty dicta, none the more reliable because of a professional character.

Dr. B. W. Richardson tells, for instance, that when he was a student his teacher of anatomy gravely instructed his class

that a woman could never throw a ball; the female shoulder-joint was so shallow that it would be dislocated by a violent movement. Dr. Richardson adds that as he was instructed so he believed; and he repeated the statement himself to many classes, till the day came when he saw girls playing "match" tennis and even cricket without dislocating their shoulders. We all know how doctors were found to say that women could not possibly, from their physical configuration, study as long and as deeply as men; and it was not till women had made many brilliant University successes that this theorising was silenced. So I think the experience of women travellers, that cross-riding during a long day in the saddle agrees with their health and promotes their comfort, is of more importance than the theories of any doctors to the reverse effect.

It is, then, a question of taste whether we should ride so under ordinary circumstances. Now, it is important for women to remain graceful; and it is important for women to preserve distinctions, obvious and unmistakable, between themselves and men in dress. The reasons for these two propositions are surely so clear that they do not need argument. It is not by confusing themselves with men that women can progress, but by showing that there are many things from which they have hitherto been debarred by custom that essentially and really "harm not distinctive womanhood," as our wise Poet Laureate puts it. I cannot help thinking that to dress for horseback and to sit on horseback exactly like a man does interfere with "distinctive womanhood," and that a very good case indeed on the score of health and convenience must be made out to justify any woman in flinging off her skirt and sitting across her saddle when riding for pleasure.

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Spectacles" at the Garrick. It is quite a man's piece, so far as the actors are concerned: Mr. Hare as the good-natured old brother who believes in and helps everybody who appeals to him, and Mr. Groves as the cantankerous brother who suspects and sees through everybody, have all the fun. Miss Kate Rorke has not much to do but walk about and look interesting; but, as she is one of the most graceful and best-dressed ladies on the stage, she performs that task very charmingly. Her gowns are good types of the latest fashion. The morning dress is of the palest brown cloth, with dark-brown velvet sleeves made very full, and a velvet Medici collar. There is also a half-belt of the dark velvet, confining to the waist a folded vest of the paler material, which is embroidered in silks to match the bottom of the skirt. That embroidery is very beautiful. It consists of flowers worked in gold-and-tan filosele, amid which, appearing to tie the big bunches of blossoms together, and standing well out against the light cloth ground, are large bows and knots of narrow brown ribbon velvet. This embroidery deeply edges the bottom of the plain skirt, and runs up the left side; while on the other side there hangs to the ground a tie and ends of thick brown and gold cord.

Then there comes the dinner dress of pale-grey bengaline, made with a vest folded over to the waist from each shoulder, and held into place by a sash of the same, the ends lined with a handsome grey and pink brocade. This flowered material also forms the full sleeves, but the high Medici half-collar and also a Zouave jacket are of white Irish lace, and three vandyked points of the same lace turned downward trim the back of the bodice.

Miss Yates, the energetic hon. secretary of the Bread Reform League, is the moving spirit in a new undertaking, half charitable, half instructive in its objects. It is called "The Educational Food Fund," and is under the patronage of a score of Peeresses. The object is to provide halfpenny dinners for poor schoolchildren, the cost to be covered by the halfpenny—that is to say, the cost of the meal, but the plant and initial expenses are to be borne by the fund, to which subscriptions are now asked. The meals are, of course, entirely vegetarian, and the staple food is wholemeal bread. The dinners consist of a pint of vegetarian soup with a slice of wholemeal bread, and another slice of currant wholemeal bread. These dinners have been given with success under the West Ham School Board for some five years past, but the attempt is only now being made to extend the benefit of them to London Board schools. Recipes for making the soup, and also a list of bakers in the neighbourhood of the school who supply the wholemeal bread, are given to the children, so that the parents may learn, if they will, how to supply similar cheap meals in their own households; and the children are allowed to understand that they themselves pay, with their halfpennies, the actual cost of their food, and thus they are saved the demoralisation of being fed by charity. The scheme seems altogether admirable. The treasurer of the fund, who is appointed by the Vegetarian Society, is Mr. A. J. Boulton, 323, High Holborn.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, on March 8, sold for £102 a bible translated into the native American-Indian language of Virginia. It was a copy of the first edition of that rare version, the New Testament being dated "Cambridge, U.S., 1661," and the Old Testament two years later. Both parts were bound together. Copies of this bible have been known to sell for upwards of £200.

## NOVEL.

*The Bondman: A New Saga.* By Hall Caine, Author of "The Deemster." Three vols. (W. Heinemann.)—Romance of the heroic kind, dealing with intense passions and vehement purposes of action, has been effectively cultivated by this author in his powerful Manx story, "The Deemster," and in several preceding works. "The Bondman" is certainly not inferior either in design or composition to Mr. Hall Caine's last great novel. Part of this story likewise is located in the Isle of Man, shortly before the end of the ancient and peculiar government carried on in the last century by the privileged jurisdiction of the Duke of Athol. But nearly two thirds of the narrative will be found to take place in Iceland, a yet more singular country, the population and institutions of which have some affinity with the Manx Norse element; and the period, a few years before and after 1800, is also one of revolutionary changes. Insular politics, in the one case affecting the position of a worthy Manxman, Adam Fairbrother, who held the office of Deputy Governor at Castle-town, and in the other case a short-lived Icelandic Republic arising from a revolt against the Danish rule, supply much of the external pressure of events. But these supposed historical circumstances, which we are unable to verify, do not become too prominent for the more intimate personal interest of the chief characters, three men, a father and two half-brothers, standing in extraordinary relations to each other.

The story is symmetrically divided into three "Books"—that of Stephen Orry, that of Michael Sunlocks, and that of Red Jason, each successively occupying a volume. Stephen Orry is the father, an Iclander, who has deserted his wife at Reykjavik, has emigrated to the Isle of Man, and there married another woman. Jason, the child of his lawful wife, bred in poverty and exasperated by the sufferings of his mother, vows, at her deathbed, that he will take vengeance on his father and on the son, Michael, born of the Manx woman. For this dire purpose he comes to the Isle of Man with a doubly murderous intent. The dramatic interest of the whole story arises through the mysterious ways of Destiny or Providence in turning Jason aside from the accomplishment of his sworn revenge. His first act on shore is to save the life of Stephen Orry, not knowing the man, who is in peril with his boat among the rocks near Ramsey Bay. Michael, called "Sunlocks," who has been adopted and educated by Mr. Fairbrother, leaves the Isle of Man on the same day, and Jason does not meet him. Four or five years then pass, bringing great changes. Mr. Fairbrother is deprived of his office, reduced to poverty, denied a home at the farmhouse occupied by his selfish wife and six unnatural sons, and forced to part with his beloved daughter Greeba, while they know not what has become of Michael. There was love, from childhood, between Michael and Greeba, but she is gradually persuaded to listen to the suit of Jason; so that their marriage seems near at hand, when she gets a letter from Michael, who is in Iceland, raised to a high position, and calls on her to become his wife. Greeba then goes to Iceland: her first lover is President of the new Republic there, surrounded by a grateful and confiding people, and their wedding is celebrated with festive rejoicings. But she is quickly followed by Jason, bent on the assassination of his rival: he is detected, and condemned to penal servitude in the sulphur mines. Immediately afterwards, the Danes regain power in Iceland: Michael is deposed, and is sent to undergo a similar dreadful punishment. His wife, concealing her name, obtains the post of prison hospital nurse, that she may be near him, though she cannot see him. The two men, half-brothers unknown to each other in person,

yet aware of each other's existence, work at that hideous place, the one called "A 25," the other "B 25"; and Jason, the deadly enemy of Michael, is prompted by his generous nature to brave all hardships and perils for the other's sake. After cruel sufferings, they escape from the mines and wander many miles across the parched desert of the lava-beds, Jason, a giant of Herculean strength, carrying Michael, who is crippled and blinded from an accident in the burning sulphur-pits. They come to the Icelandic National Assembly, the famous Thingvalla, which is impressively described. They appeal for justice and mercy to the ancient lawful guardians of the rights and liberties of the people. The Danish Governor confronts them, but the release of Jason is decreed: Michael, however, for treason to the Crown of Denmark, remains in custody, and is sent to the remote isle of Grimsey, on the northern coast. By this time all enmity has departed from the great heart of Jason: he has been led to love the brother whom he sought to kill. Some months, nearly two years, are spent by Michael, a blind and helpless prisoner, but not in close confinement, at the lone house of the parson at Grimsey, till the tyrant Governor, acting from personal as well as political animosity, sends orders to put him to death. Greeba, disguised as a household servant, with her little boy, is there watching over her husband. Jason, travelling on foot night and day alone from Reykjavik across the island, arrives in time to save the life of Michael by an act of supreme self-sacrifice. He contrives, by certain pretences, to get Michael and Greeba on board a small vessel which he has engaged to sail for the British Islands, while he takes Michael's place as the prisoner, and allows himself to be shot by the sailors landing from a Danish sloop of war.

These are most effective dramatic situations, and we may expect to see "The Bondman" on the stage, engaging a sympathetic audience not less than "The Deemster." The character of Greeba is thoroughly feminine; and that of her father, the good, kind, honest old man, who meets with the basest ingratitude, cannot fail to excite pathetic emotions.

Dr. James Bell has been re-elected President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland.

In the last Cambridge University Local Examinations there were 8627 candidates, not including the Colonial candidates. Of 4459 junior boys 3055 passed, 1190 failed, and 214 were absent. Of 477 senior boys, 291 passed, 168 failed, and 18 were absent. Of 2348 junior girls 1739 passed, 532 failed, and 77 were absent. Of 1343 senior girls 909 passed, 401 failed, and 33 were absent.

The eleventh festival dinner of the East London Hospital for Children and Dispensary for Women at Shadwell was held in the Venetian Room of the Holborn Restaurant on March 5. Mr. Henry A. Brassey presided. It was stated that between £6000 and £7000 was required for providing the necessary additional accommodation for out-patients and nurses, and that towards this sum £2500 has been obtained. Subscriptions were announced amounting to £1777.

The Volunteers whose brigades are not to be mobilised at Easter approve of the proposal for a marching column to Brighton, and the absence of the Honourable Artillery Company's Light Cavalry troop is to be compensated for by the presence of the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry, the London troops joining the marching column under Colonel Athorpe, while the Brighton troop will be with the local Volunteers opposing the London column.

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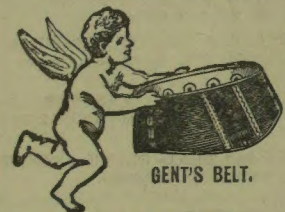
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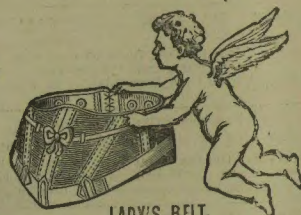
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NERVOUS AFFECTIONS CURED.

EXHAUSTION & PALPITATION.—HENRY GARDNER, Esq., Cotton Hill, Shrewsbury, writes, March 9, 1889: "The Electropathic Belt has done me an immense deal of good. I enjoy better health now than I have done for the last twelve years."

EXHAUSTION AND PAINS IN THE BACK.—MRS. BRACKENBURY, Swindon Villa, Upper Norwood, S.E., writes, Jan. 13, 1890: "I have wonderfully improved since wearing your Electropathic Belt and Spine Band. I have lost all feelings of exhaustion."

RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS CURED.

RHEUMATIC GOUT COMPLETELY CURED.—MR. ALFRED JAMES, Maltster, Quay-street, Haverfordwest, writes: "I am glad to inform you that the Electropathic Belt I obtained from you a little while back has completely cured me of rheumatic gout."

SCIATICA COMPLETELY CURED.—MR. W. READ, Kewarock-street, Queen's Park, W., writes, March 25, 1889: "I have been completely cured of my painful sciatica by wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt."





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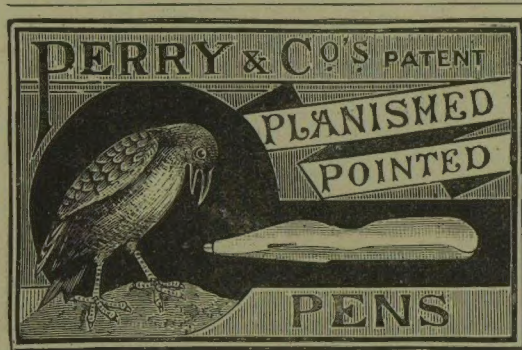
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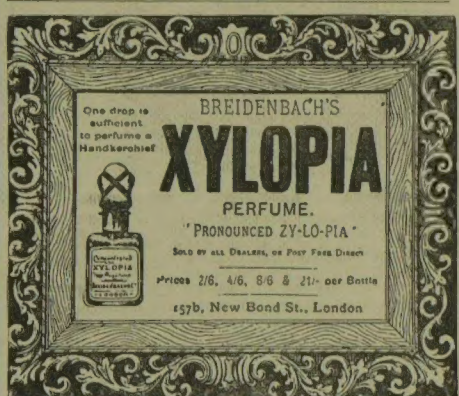


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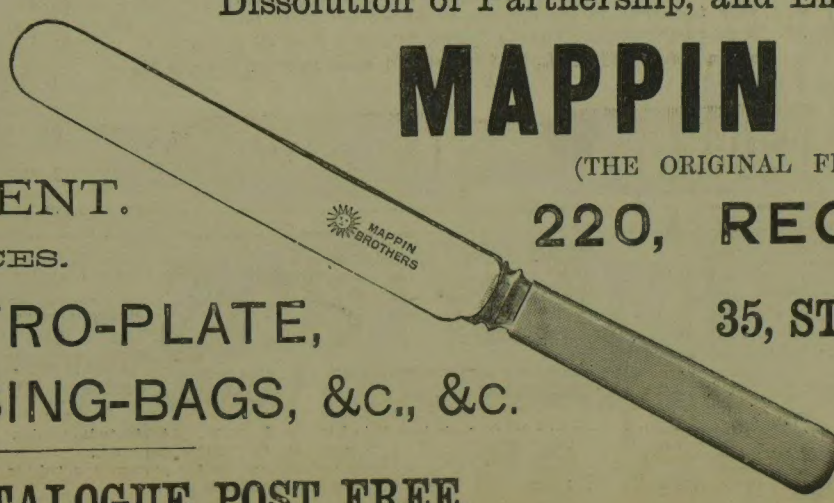
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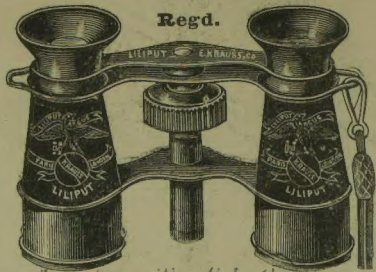
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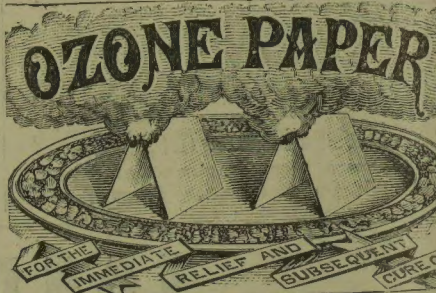
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